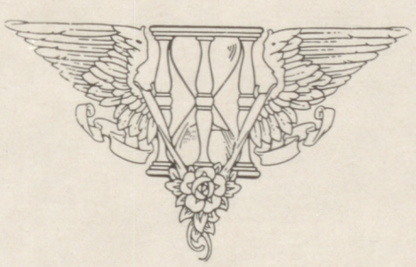
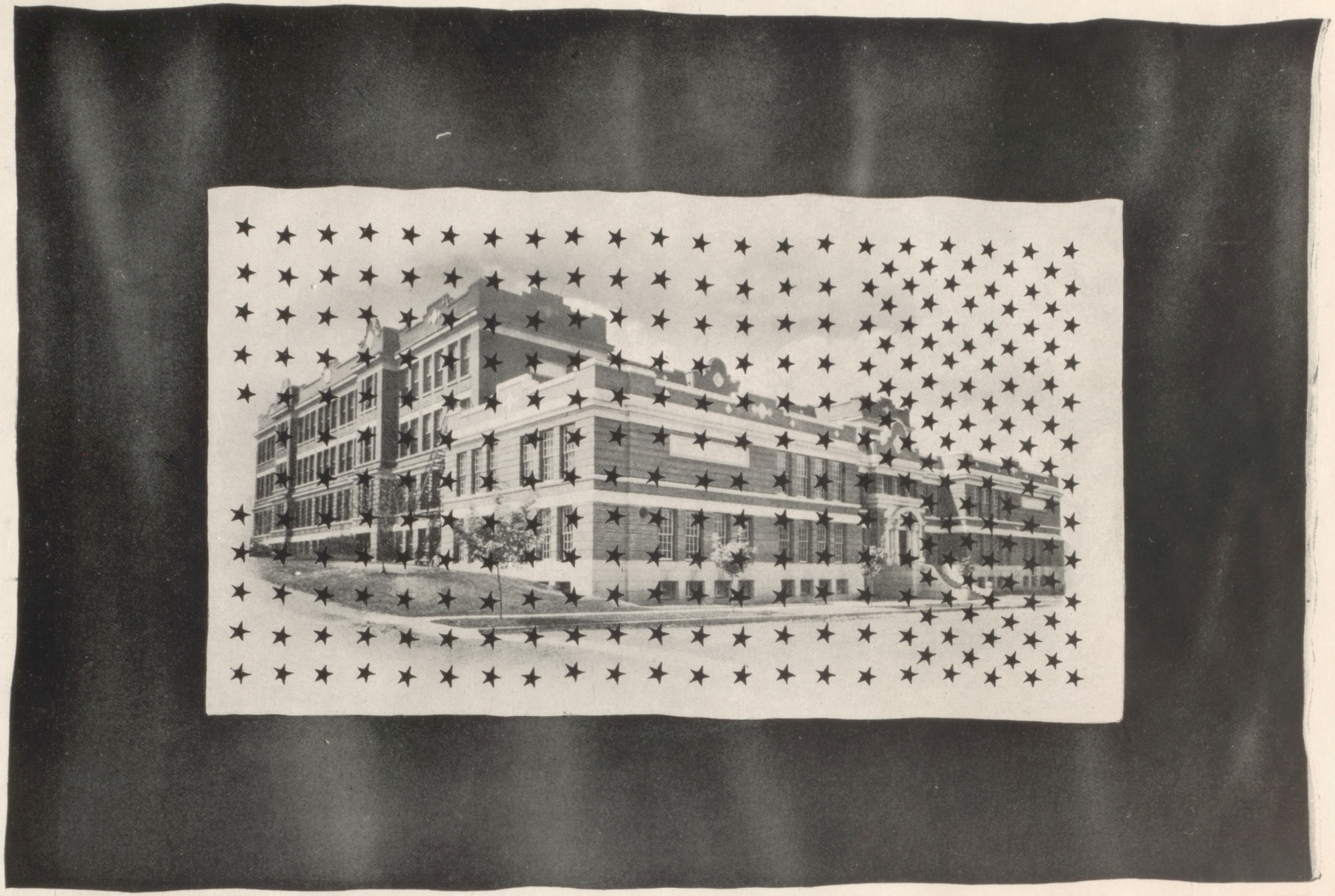
THE TAMARACK.

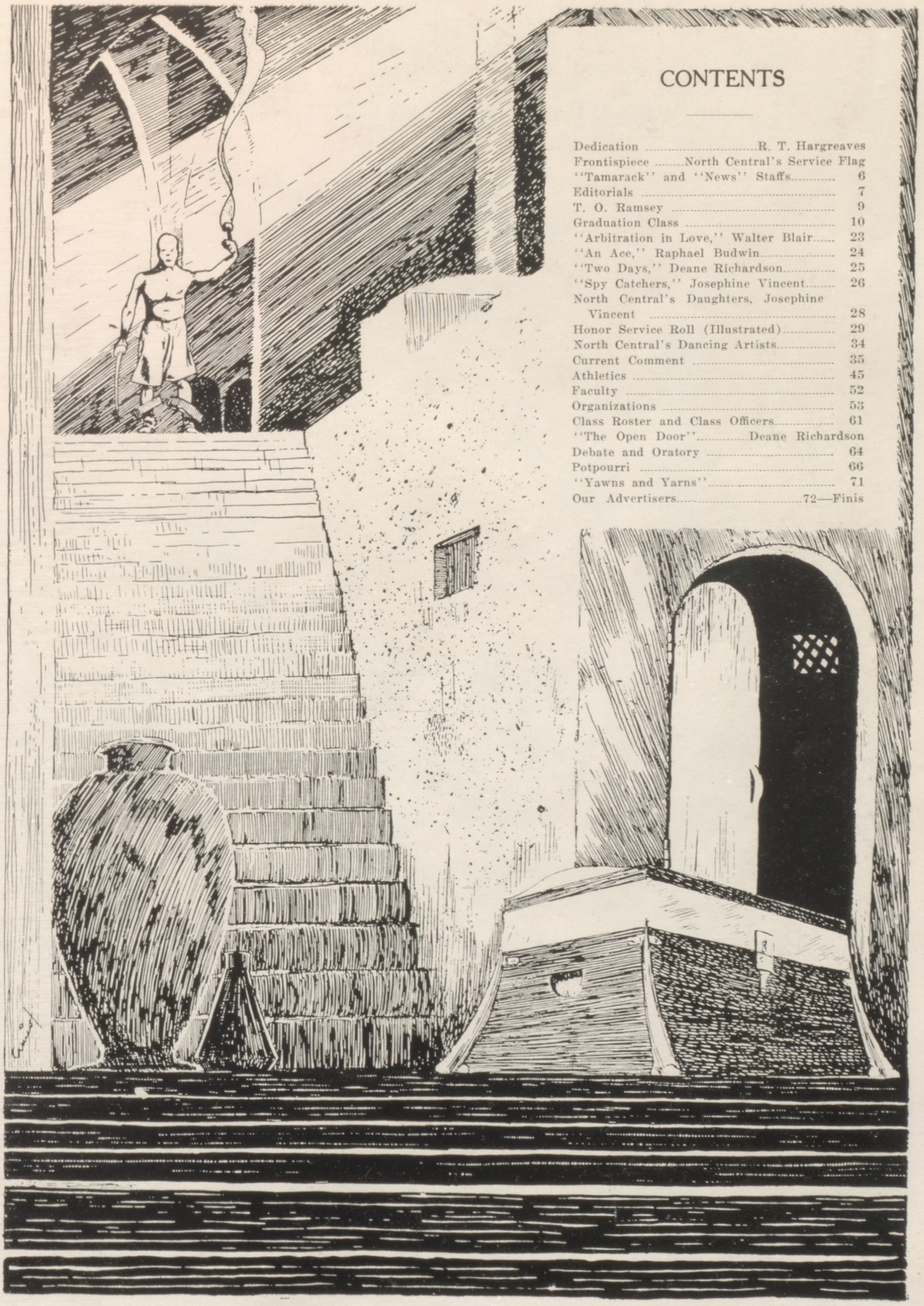
SENIOR ISSUE, JUNE, 1918

W. Ryman Hanley's "The Algebra Shark."

To the girls of the North Central High School who are engaged in war activities, with the single purpose of assisting our men in their heroic struggle to insure, in perpetuity, to all peoples the inalienable right of self-determination and the enjoyment of the blessings of democracy in peace, this book is affectionately dedicated.







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The North Central News

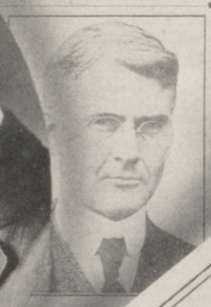
Vol. I. No. 13. NORTH CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, SPOKANE, WASH., DECEMBER 18, 1917. Price Five Cents

North Central Leads in Red Cross Work

Girls Will Outfit Hospital Unit ---Entire School Is at

"Khufu's Daughter" Signal Triumph for N. C. Talent

C. Olin Rice and Miss Edith J. Broomhall Score Huge Success in Second Original Operetta---Soloists and Chorus Sing Excellently---Orchestra Plays Well.



SETTING IS ELABORATE

Costumes and Scenery Faithful in Local Color---Acting and Dancing Splendid.

By Lowell C. Bradford

The premier production of "Khufu's Daughter," the second operetta from the pen of Miss Edith J. Broomhall, libretto, and C. Olin Rice, composer, was given ... evening, December 14, in the Central High School auditorium before a capacity house. The production, "Tacho Land," the ... authors, en- ... to anticipate ... silence, but ... the ... their ... Olin ...

MISS EDITH J. BROOMHALL

Seventy-Eight Will Be Graduated in January

Forty-Eight Girls and Thirty to Receive Diplomas at Mid-Year Exer...

Forty-eight ... candidates for ... January 24 ... nine are ... and seven ... Classical ... for ... 18 ... 1

... Mary ... Eugene Cable, ... Florence Audrey Frisby, Viola E. Gerhauser, Delia Hammer, Alben Hellner, Weaver W. Hess, Frank M. Higgins, Annasue Hughes, Ethel Allevia Hurley, Jacob Joseph, Kartheiser, Philip Lycett, Isabel Mather, Juanita F. Morris, Cecil D. Nottage, Zona Frances Parker, Edwin B. Rathbun, Lucile Ida Reed, Hugh Richardson, Myrtle Eleanor Smith, and Tyronstine J. Smith.

North Central 'Grads' ...re Off for France

... and One Girl Mem- ... Red Cross ... Unit.

... Spanish Club Sends Books

The Spanish Club has ... more than 120 books ... been sent to Canada and ...

... raised $13... ... schools boys now in service.

Sweater Fund Raised

Miss Erma Bean, book custodian of the school, has started a "Sweater Fund."

The Freshmen boys have spent their ...

... Grad... ... up ...

... Every ... Club will spe...

... Grads of graduates ... months before the ...

THE TAMARACK

NORTH CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL · SPOKANE · En Avant

NORTH CENTRAL "NEWS" and "TAMARACK" STAFFS

SENIOR ISSUE, JUNE, 1918

... Central ... ... by the Board ... ...stories will begin ... ... 1918.

The North Central Tamarack

VOL. IX JUNE, 1918 No. 2

Edited semi-annually by the Graduating Class of the North Central High School, and published by the business staff of the North Central News. Subscription: Fifty Cents a copy.

RAPHAEL BUDWIN.....MANAGING EDITOR
MAURICE JACKSON.....BUSINESS MANAGER
W. J. SANDERS.....FACULTY DIRECTOR

Business Staff

Vernor Fitzgerald.....Advertising Manager
Howard Knudson.....Advertising Assistant
Richard Christian.....Circulation Manager
Ward Parker.....Advertising Assistant
Harold Linney.....Advertising Assistant

Literary Staff

Deane Richardson.....Literary Editor
Leta Adams.....Features
Barbara Meikle.....Features
Josephine Vincent.....Short Stories
Katherine Peterson.....Current Comment
Marvin Anderberg.....War Editor
Robert Green.....Assistant War Editor
Harold Eby.....Editorials
Albert Arend.....Organizations
Myrtle Bradley.....Classes
Margarette Woodland.....Verse
Merrill Davis.....Class Roster
Florence Bassett.....Jokes
Leland Daniel.....Athletics

Art Staff

Miss Lillian Stowell.....Faculty Advisor
F. G. Kennedy.....Photographer
Clyde Coakley.....Chief Artist
Jessica Moriarty Allene Ireland Maurice Amiot Minnie Russell

Stenographers

Harold Brazel Zoa Whipple Flora White

OUR SERVICE FLAG

THE finest and most sacred spirit of North Central is represented in the four-hundred odd service stars in our Service Flag. It means that over four hundred boys are ready to give the supreme sacrifice for a principle, which they and all true Americans hold dear—liberty, justice, equality.

They stand between us and despotism. They protect North Central with their lives, if need be, from the ravages of the Hun. They are giving their all that we may enjoy peace, security, and happiness. They left the school with its pleasures and sought a life of danger. Perhaps some left in the spirit of excitement, but below it all was the desire to do their duty.

To say that we are proud of this spirit of sacrifice is not sufficient. We revere it. It is an honor for the school to be able to fly such a flag. But further it should inspire the students to higher sacrifice and fulfillment of duty, for our bit can never be so great as theirs. They stand willing to die.

TRIBUTE TO THE GIRLS

THERE is a patriotism which, too often, is unnoticed and unrewarded, not because it is a trivial or unimportant service, but because it is a duty which possesses none of the glamor and romance of display. This patriotism, in common with many other neglected services, possesses the curse of commonness, for it is an everyday task, and a vital and common necessity. It works silently while the braggarts shout and hurrah, but nevertheless it is a patriotism that counts in the winning of the war, for it is the common basis upon which victory is built.

Such patriotism is the work of the farmer, the artisan, the mechanic and in our own school—the girls. Their work is the tangible result of their motto, "I do my duty."

The girls have accomplished their share of the war work fully, silently, and effectively. The sewing room is always filled with girls sewing for the Red Cross, and the Red Cross stations have North Central's quota of volunteers. The work of the "Girls' League" will teach a lesson in effectiveness and unanimity in accomplishing work. It has organized the girls into one body with a resulting efficiency in the work. Nor are their names absent from the list of "Liberty Loan" subscribers or "Thrift Savers." Wherever it has been the privilege of the girls to help, they have done it.

It is the work of these girls in their homes and in school which actually helps in the promotion of the war. Who can say how great is service to the nation? However little it could be, it is their share and an equal patriotism on the part of the rest of the citizens will surely result in victory. It is time for us to take off our hats to the girls.

OUR PATRIOTIC TEACHERS

THERE are many other patriotic duties besides fighting at the front and one of the most important is the work of the teachers. They are instructing our future citizens and giving them the education which is the pillar of democracy.

Some of our teachers are especially active in war work and their efforts do not close with the seventh

period. These teachers are directing the Red Cross work, helping with the Liberty Bond sale, the Thrift Stamp drive, War Gardens, and many other things along this line. We must thank them for their silent, but not the less patriotic, work in directing the youth of the nation.

Their services are as valuable as any the nation possesses, but it is not spectacular and attention is not directed to their work. Nevertheless, the whole school knows who they are and respects them for it. Behind North Central's "Service Flag," are the teachers and our success is in a large measure due to their untiring efforts.

A FITTING MEMORIAL

THE Class of June '18 left in memoriam to the North Central High School not only the accustomed presentation, but also a remarkable record.

The members of the graduating class, which numbers one hundred and fifty students very active during their high school career, set a mark not only in scholastic honors, but also in numerous outside activities, such as oratory, literary work, debate, dramatics, music, and athletics.

The exceptional work shown by the class along these different branches has elicited favorable comment many times. The oratorical and debating ability of members of the class would be hard to equal, while their literary, dramatic, and musical achievements have been notable. Participation in athletics has displayed the individual prowess of several well-known Seniors. All told, the Class of June '18 is one worthy of emulation.

NORTH CENTRAL WINS, AS USUAL

ACCORDING to "dope," North Central was to suffer her second defeat in seven years at the annual city championship football game last fall. And why not? North Central had lost eight members of the previous year's team. And added to that, had not our opponents (at a heavy expense to themselves) secured the services of a college coach? Lewis and Clark maintained that they had an inexperienced team, but—so did we.

We won—16 to 0—not a large score, but one clearly showing the relative scoring strength of the two teams. And not only did it show scoring strength, but it brought out into bold relief that splendid, unconquerable fighting spirit that North Central has always been proud to think is characteristic of her sons.

With two men of the previous year's Cross Country team back the prospects for a winning team were not exceedingly bright. Lewis and Clark won, and in view of the fact that they so seldom win, they are talking of it yet.

Basketball again this year had no backers from across the river, the South Siders undoubtedly deeming it a cause with but one possible effect. North Central, however, with one of the speediest aggregations that ever represented the Red and Black, won the city championship.

As track season loomed nearer at North Central, the prospects for a winning team loomed blacker and more black. Nearly all of the letter men had either enlisted or graduated, and, added to that, Captain Jones was out of school with a severe case of mumps, which left him in a very weakened condition. When the call for track men went out, a much larger aggregation than in former years turned out. The team trained hard, and at the Interscholastic Meet at Pullman on May third, ran up the highest point score that was ever made at an Interscholastic —fifty-seven points. Our nearest competitor had only twenty-nine. That was "our friends across the river" exhibiting their track ability *without a "ringer" on the team,* as was said to be the case when they won the meet last year.

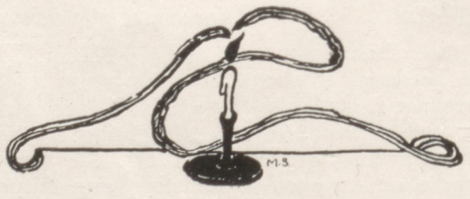
Baseball? They won because they had the better team, but we had them playing for it! Besides, defeat as a regular diet upsets the digestive system.

A resume of the athletic standing of the two schools is an interesting, although somewhat one-sided study. However, a truthful view will no doubt be appreciated by the unprejudiced people of the city, for facts are seldom "played up" by our opponents.

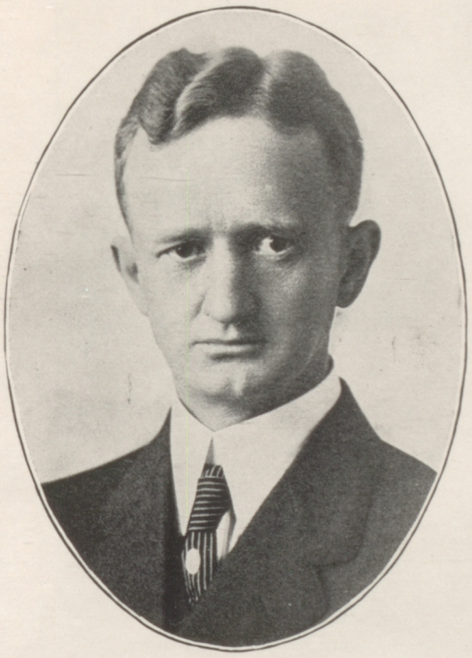
OUR ATHLETIC SLACKERS

THE slacker is not absent from high school life any more than he is from military life. There are students at school who possess marked ability in an activity like athletics who are needed by the school, but who because they fail to keep up their scholarship are ineligible. In practically every case there is no excuse for their failing except pure laziness. They can make good records if they want to, and thereby get into the activities where they are needed.

The school needs the talent of these boys in every activity and they owe it to the school to give their best efforts to all of their work. If they would but awaken from their lethargy and realize what such failure is branded, they would get to work, make their grades, come out, and help North Central win.



Seniors



T. O. RAMSEY, Class Director

DUANE T. SHINN

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Deltas
Engineering Club
Commercial Club
Scrub Baseball Manager, '16

LYDIA ELLEN YOUNG

CLASSICAL COURSE

Honor Roll
Sans Souci
S. P. Q. R., Pres. '18
Freshman B Leader in Girls' League

MABEL MARTHA QUASS

GENERAL COURSE

Honor Roll
Triple A
Chemistry Club
Spanish Club
Completed course in three and one-half years

RAYMOND B. TROW

MANUAL ARTS COURSE

Entered from Colfax High School, February, 1917
Deltas
Engineering Club
Grub Street Club
Class Football, '17
Track, '17, '18

ESTER MARIE GINGRICH

CLASSICAL COURSE

Entered from Lewis and Clark, 1915

MARY ELIZABETH PEGAN

GENERAL COURSE

Entered from Lincoln High School, Park City, Utah, September, 1916

PAULINE ENDRES

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

German Club
"Dance of the Months"
"One May Day"
"Midsummer Nights' Dream"
Volley Ball, '15, '18—Captain, '17
Captain Personal Efficiency Department of Girls' League

DOROTHEA M. KLEIN

GENERAL COURSE

Completed course in three and one-half years
Arts Club (Charter Member)
Chemistry Club, Pres., '18

RICHARD BENFORD CHRISTIAN

MANUAL ARTS COURSE

Circulation Manager "News," '18
Circulation Manager "Tamarack," '18
Freshman Track Meet, '14
Chairman Class Book Committee

HAZEL EASTLAND

GENERAL COURSE

Completed course in three years

ELIZABETH ARLENE ROBERTS

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

Entered from Hillyard High School, 1916
Inter-Class Debate, '17
Class History Committee

ALVIN VINTHER

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Agendas
Deltas
Commercial Club

ROBERT E. GREEN

GENERAL COURSE

Honor Emblem
Triple A
Deltas
Pres., La Tertulia, '16
Kodak Club
"Bul-Bul"
"King Hal"
"Gaucho Land"
"Pocahontas"
"Khufu's Daughter"
"High Jinks," '15-'18
"La Sorpresa de Isidoro," '17
Orchestra, '13-'18
Leader Second Orchestra, '16, '17
Band, '13-'18
"News" Staff, '18
"Tamarack" Staff

MINNIE RUSSELL

GENERAL COURSE

Entered from St. Joseph Academy, 1915
Art Club
Art Staff "Tamarack," '18

J. EVELYN MILLER

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

Art Club

KENNETH W. MacEACHERN

GENERAL COURSE

Entered from Oakesdale High School, February, 1914

FLORENCE BASSETT

GENERAL COURSE

Sans Souci
Kodak Club, Reporter, '17, Treas., '18
Chemistry Club, Treas., '17
"News" Staff, '17, '18
"Tamarack" Staff, '18
Class Picture Committee

ELVA PAULINE BOWERS

GENERAL COURSE

Entered from Dean Academy, Boston, September, 1917
Chemistry Club
Kodak Club
"News" Staff, '18

ALDENE BARRINGTON

GENERAL COURSE

Entered from Crawford, Nebraska, September, 1917
Art Club, Reporter, '18
"The Truth About Jane"

EVA MARIE BUCHANAN

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Entered from Cheney High School, 1916
Tennis Club

ALEX S. ROLLO

MANUAL ARTS COURSE

Engineering Club

ERNA LUCILLE JOHNSON

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

Entered from Lewis and Clark, September, 1917

ELSIE JOSEPHINE JANSON

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Entered from Hauser Lake High School, September, 1916

HAROLD BRAZEL

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Engineering Club
Second in Geomentry Contest, '16
Financial Committee
"News" Stenographer, '17, '18
"Tamarack" Stenographer, '18
Cross Country Squad, '18
Class Track, '18

RAPHAEL GALBRAITH BUDWIN
MANUAL ARTS COURSE
Triple A
Deltas
Masque, Reporter, '17
Agendas
Rifle Club
Kodak Club
Engineering Club, Reporter, '17
Glee Club
"Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary"
"Pocahontas"
"Khufu's Daughter"
Tennis, '16, '18
Property Man, "Fanny and the Servant Problem"
Editor-in-Chief "News," '17
"News" Staff, '18
Managing Editor "Tamarack," June, '18
"A Bachelor's Romance"
Tennis Champion, '18

KATHLEEN N. WOOD
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Entered from Starbuck High School, 1915
Chemistry Club

RUTH M. McGOVERN
SCIENTIFIC COURSE
Entered from Orchard Avenue, September, 1916

RICHARD L. SEAVER
MANUAL ARTS COURSE
Class Basket Ball, '17

ALICE QUIGLEY
GENERAL COURSE
Vox Puellarum, Sec'y., '15, Treas., '17
Glee Club, Vice-Pres., '16
Masque Reporter, '18
"Gaucho Land"
"Pocahontas"
"Khufu's Daughter"
"Fanny and the Servant Problem"
"Dance of the Months"
"News" Staff, '17
Leader Senior A Girls of Girls' League
Class Reporter, '16, '18

PAULINE MAE McGLAUGHLIN
GENERAL COURSE

GRACE OLIVE BOCK
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
"Dance of the Months"
"Midsummer Nights' Dream"
Kodak Club

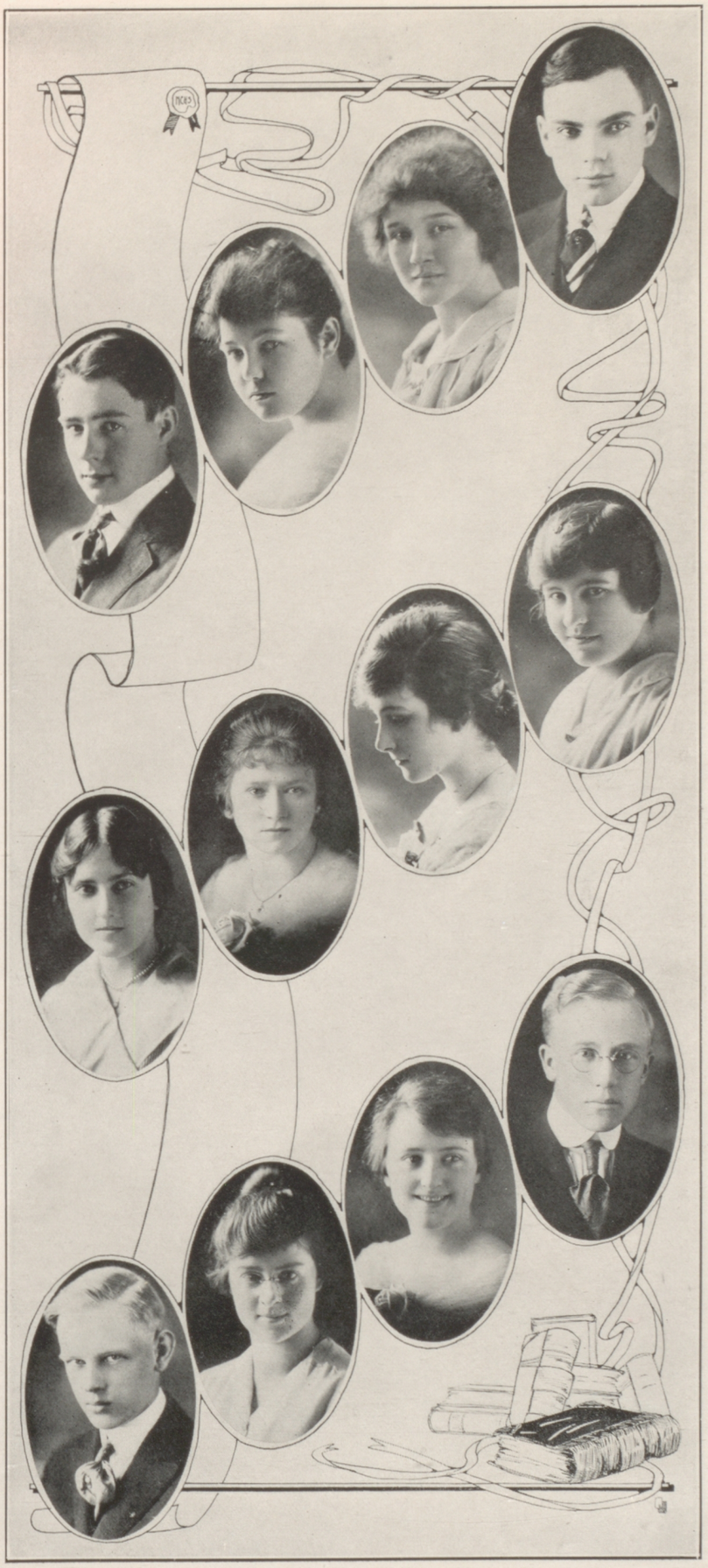
EMMA ELVERS ANDERSON
CLASSICAL COURSE
First on Honor Roll
Triple A

ARTHUR HOWARD KNUDSON
SCIENTIFIC COURSE
Deltas
Glee Club, Vice-Pres., '17
Khufu's Daughter"
Engineering Club
"Tamarack" Staff, '18
Chairman Memorial Committee

ALLENE IRELAND
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Art Club (Charter Member)
"Tamarack" Staff
Scenery Designer "Khufu's Daughter"

GERTRUDE McGINNIS
GENERAL COURSE
Entered from Colorado, September, 1917

ROY J. CRITZER
COMMERCIAL COURSE
Agendas
Commercial Club



WALTER BLAIR
SCIENTIFIC COURSE
Honor Emblem
Triple A
Grub Street (Charter Member) Pres., '17, '18
Sphinx Club
Poetry Club
State Debate, '17
Tri-League Debate, '18
Inter-Class Debate, '16
Champion Inter-Class Debate Team, '18
School Editor "News," '17
Editor-in-Chief "News," '18
Class Will Committee

CLARA ANDERSON
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

MINNIE LYNCH
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Entered from Kalispell, September, 1916

CARL W. HANNEMAN
COMMERCIAL COURSE
Entered from Great Falls September, 1917
German Club
Commercial Club
Class Football, '17

MARGUERITE MARY FAWCETT
GENERAL COURSE
Entered from Edmonton High School, 1916
Winner Alegebra Contest, '16

SARAH BERELSON
GENERAL COURSE
"One May Day"
Mathematics Club
Chemistry Club
Completed Course in three and one-half years

LETA ZOE ADAMS
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
"Dance of the Months"
Kodak Club, Sec'y, '17
Mathematics Club, Reporter, '17
Chemistry Club
Class Reporter, '17
"Tamarack" Staff, '18
"News" Staff, '17

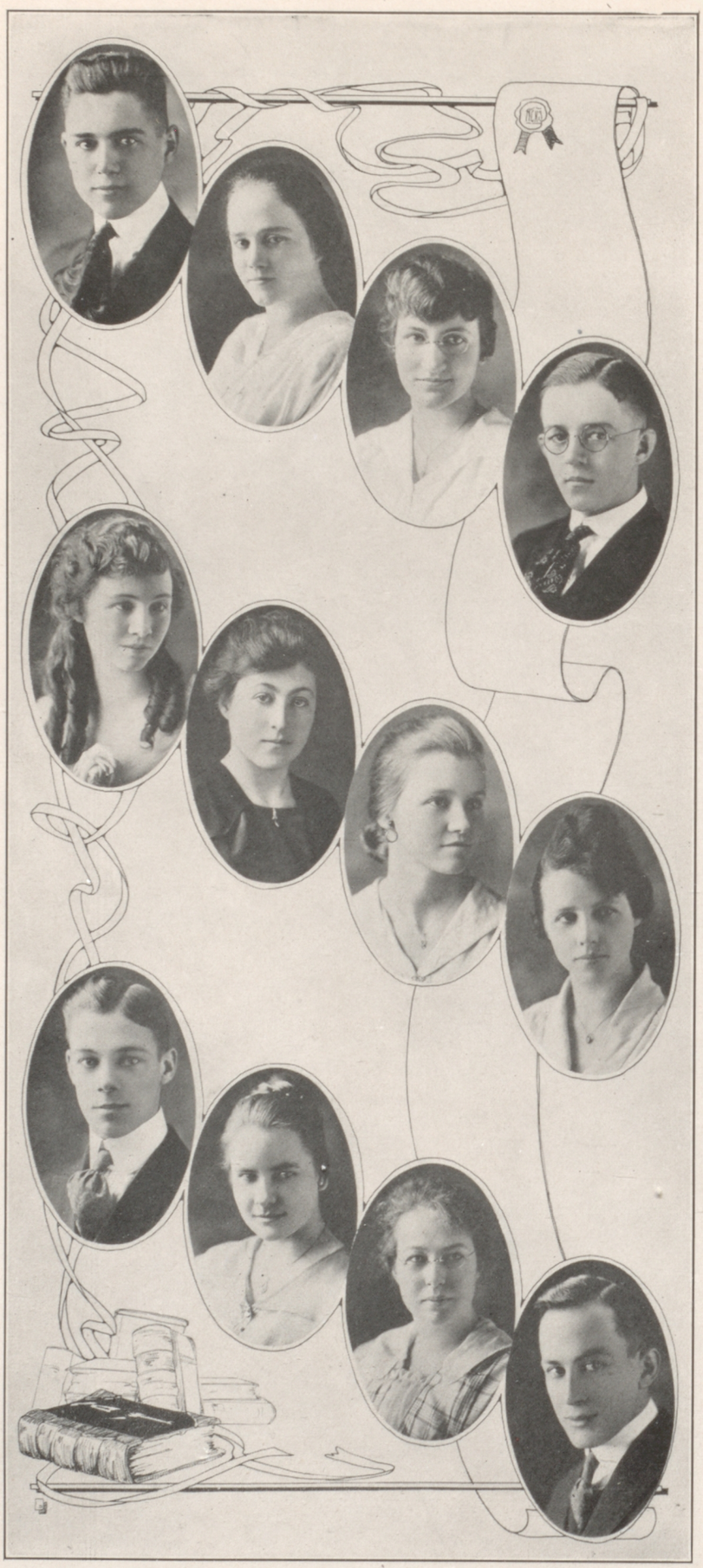
CORA FRANCES CRANEY
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Entered from Flathead County High School

MARVIN OFELT ANDERBERG
MANUAL ARTS COURSE
Deltas
Orchestra, '14, '18
Glee Club, '15-'18
Band, '17, '18
"Pocahontas"
"Khufu's Daughter" (Stage Carpenter)
Engineering Club
"News" Staff, '17
"Tamarack" Staff, '18
Class Will Committee
"A Bachelor's Romance"

ETHELIND PEACOCK
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

ROSA HENRIETTA ZACHOW
GENERAL COURSE
Entered from Clayton High

HARRY E. McDONALD
GENERAL COURSE
Honor Emblem
Triple A
Sphinx
Inter-Class Debate, '16
State Debate, '17, '18
Class Treas., '17, '18
Chairman Class Financial Committee
Business Manager of Class Play, '18



MAURICE B. JACKSON
GENERAL COURSE
Honor Emblem
Triple A
Masque Pres., '18
Agendas
Deltas
Grub Street (Charter Member)
Football Manager, '18
Cross Country, '17
Business Manager "News," '18
Business Manager "Tamarack," January, June, '18
"News" Staff, '17
Business Manager, "Fanny and the Servant Problem"
Chemistry Club
High Jinks, '18

MILDRED DOROTHY LAFLER
GENERAL COURSE
Entered from Fall City, Nebraska

MARGARET ANN STEWART
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Vox Puellareum

FRANK J. PATERKA
GENERAL COURSE

SYLVIA IRENE LUTHER
GENERAL COURSE
Entered from Camrose High School, September, 1915
Sans Souci
Class Debate, '15
Class Prophecy Committee
Leader Freshman B Girls of Girls' League

GLADYS WIMMER
CLASSICAL COURSE
Entered from Fort Shaw, Montana, September, 1917

KATHERINE McPHERSON
CLASSICAL COURSE
Mathematics Club, Sec'y, '18
"One May Day"
"Midsummer Nights' Dream"

ZOA LUCILLE WHIPPLE
COMMERCIAL COURSE
Commercial Club
"News" Stenographer, '18
"Tamarack" Stenographer, '18
Patriotic Leader, Junior A's in Girls' League

W. HUBERT JONES
COMMERCIAL COURSE
Triple A
Agendas
Deltas
Engineering Club, Sec'y-Treas., '18
Commercial Club
Class Track, '16, '17, '18
Class Basket Ball, '15, '16, 17, Captain, '16
Track Captain, '18
Yell Leader, '17, '18

FLORA ALMA WINGET
COMMERCIAL COURSE

UNA MILDRED MIDDLETON
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Honor Roll
Triple A

MERRILL BEECHER DAVIS
GENERAL COURSE
Entered from Vera High School, September, 1917
Deltas
Chemistry Club, Treas., '18
Engineering Club
"Tamarack" Staff, '18
"News" Staff, '17
Class Football, '17
Scrubs, '17
Captain Class Basket Ball, '18
Captain Class Track, '18
Chairman Cards and Announcements
Track, '18
"A Bachelor's Romance"

WILLIAM S. BRISCOE

CLASSICAL COURSE

Class Debate, '15, '16
Triangular Debate, '17
Sphinx, Librarian
Grub Street Club, Vice-Pres., '18
Class Orator
Dual Debate Squad
Winner Wranglers' Contest, '17
Library Board
Class Pres., '18

LAVINA HAMMARLUND

COMMERCIAL COURSE

"One May Day"
"Midsummer Nights' Dream"

MYRTLE PETREA CEDER

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

"One May Day"

HAROLD EBY

SCIENTIFIC COURSE

Honor Emblem
Triple A
Library Board
Class Prophecy Committee
Pres., Sphinx Club
Rec. Sec'y., Grub Street Club
Reporter, Chemistry Club
Inter-class Debate, '14, '15, '17
Newport Debate
Portland Debate
Walla Walla Debate
Poetry Club
"News" Staff, '17, '18
"Tamarack" Staff, '18

RUTH CROCKETT

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Commercial Club
"Dance of the Months"
Tennis Club
Sec'y, Patriotic Department Girls' League

LOTTIE LOUISE WADE

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Commercial Club

HELEN MAY GENDREAU

COMMERCIAL COURSE

RUTH VICTORIA ERICKSON

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

Vox Puellarum
Library Board, '16, '17, Pres., '18
Kodak Club, Vice-Pres., '17
Tennis Club, '14
Class Vice-Pres., '16, Sec'y, '17
Class Will
Wardrobe Mistress "Khufu's Daughter"
Leader of Senior B Red Cross

HAROLD HANLEY

GENERAL COURSE

Deltas, Grand-Master, '18
Kodak Club
Triple A
Agendas
Football, '17
Track, '16, '17, '18
Basketball, '18
Baseball, '17, Captain, '18
Engineering Club
Delta High Jinks, '18

LULA E. CURTIS

GENERAL COURSE

FREDA GRACE KITLEY

GENERAL COURSE

HARRY EDWIN SHOEMAKER

MANUAL ARTS COURSE

Class Sec'y., '16
Class Debate, '17, '18
Deltas, Exchequer, '18
Engineering Club, Pres., '18
Grub Street Club, Pres., '17
Memorial Committee

CLYDE EDWARDS COAKLEY

MANUAL ARTS COURSE

Engineering Club
Grub Street Club
Rifle Club
Art Club
Stage Manager, "Khufu's Daughter," "A Bachelor's Romance"
Scenic Artist, "Elopement of Ellen," "Fanny and the Servant Problem"
Chief Artist "Tamarack," '17, '18

VALENTINE OLIVIA FAWCETT

GENERAL COURSE

Entered from Edmonton Separate High School, September, 1916

EMMA JANETTE THOMPSON

GENERAL COURSE

Entered from Pullman High School

A. LA VELLE SCHICK

CLASSICAL COURSE

S. P. Q. R.
Inter-Class Track, '15, '16, '17, '18
Track Squad, '17, '18
Inter-Class Football, '17
Class History Committee

ELISE ELIZABETH MAC LEAN

GENERAL COURSE

Sans Souci, Cor. Sec'y., '16
Pres., Chemistry Club, '1
Sec'y, Spanish Club, '17
Honor Roll
Triple A
Class Prophecy
Chairman Pin and Ring Committee
"News" Staff, '17
"A Bachelor's Romance"

MILDRED L. HOSKIN

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

Spanish Club (Charter Member)

ZOLA W. PATTON

HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

Chemistry Club, Vice-Pres., '18
"Dance of Nations"
"Dance of the Months"
"Khufu's Daughter"
"The Truth About Jane"
Instructor Red Cross Sewing

ANNA MAGDALINE ROHWER

GENERAL COURSE

Re-entered from Lincoln High School, Seattle, 1917
"Dance of the Months"

HAROLD C. YOUNG

SCIENTIFIC COURSE

Entered from San Diego High School, 1915
Honor Roll
German Club
Chemistry Club
Triple A

BARBARA MEIKLE

GENERAL COURSE

Vox Puellarum, Cor. Sec'y, '18
German Club, Reporter, '17, '18
"Tamarack" Staff, '18
"Pocahontas"

FLORENCE HELENA BUSS

GENERAL COURSE

Kodak Club
Volley Ball

ROY C. BREWER

SCIENTIFIC COURSE

Entered from Colville High School, 1917
Engineering Club
Chemistry Club

JOSEPHINE VINCENT
CLASSICAL COURSE
"Dance of the Calendar"
"Tamarack" Staff, '16, '17, '18
"News" Staff, '17, '18
Vice-Pres., "Vox," '18
Vice-Pres., Class '17, '18
Vice-Pres., S. P. Q. R., '17
Chemistry Club
Pres. Girls' League
Triple A
Honor Emblem

MILDRED RUTH CRANE
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Patriotic Leader Junior A's

HELEN ELIZABETH DICKEY
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Entered from Davenport High School, 1916
Honor Roll
German Club

LOIS IRENE ALLEN
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Honor Roll
Chemistry Club
Spanish Club (Charter Member), Vice-Pres., '18

STANLEY REVERE JORDAN
COMMERCIAL COURSE
Agendas
Commercial Club
Class Football, '14
Treas., Freshman Class

METÄ PAULINE KLEMZ
COMMERCIAL COURSE
Triple A
Honor Roll
Commercial Club, Sec'y, '18
German Club, Sec'y, '18
German Play, '17
Secretary of Girls' League
"Calendar of Dances"

OLIVE CAMBELL JOHNSON
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
La Tertulia, Vice-Pres., '17
"Midsummer Nights' Dream"
"La Sorpresa de Isidoro"
"News" Staff, '18
Leader Sophomore A Girls' Red Cross Work
"The Truth About Jane"
Cards and Announcements

ELMER N. CHILBERG
COMMERCIAL COURSE
Commercial Club
Rifle Club

ETHOL PETERSON
GENERAL COURSE
Chemistry Club

MYRTLE OLIVE BRADLEY
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Honor Roll
Vox Puellarum
Spanish Club (Charter Member), Reporter, '16
Vice-Pres. Class, '16
"Tamarack" Staff, '18
School Editor "News," '18
Class Financial Committee

HAZEL MARIE MERRY
COMMERCIAL COURSE
Commercial Club
"Dance of the Months"
Senior A Girls' Leader of Girls' League
Class Reporter, '16
Class Ring and Pin Committee

MARGARET A. O'HALLORAN
GENERAL COURSE
Entered from Valleyford High School, September, 1916
Honor Roll

THEODORE KARN

SCIENTIFIC COURSE

La Tertulia
S. P. Q. R.
Completed course in three and one-half years

KATHERINE WILLARD PETERSON

GENERAL COURSE

Kodak Club
Glee Club, Pres., '18
Vice-Pres. Class '15
"News" Staff, '18
"Tamarack" Staff, '18
"Calendar of Dances"
"Gaucho Land"
Principal "Khufu's Daughter"
"A Bachelor's Romance"

NADINE LAURETTA SIMS

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Vox Puellarum—Pres., '17, '18
Kodak Club
Senior A Girl Director Red Cross
Class Will Committee

FRANK ZIETLER

MANUAL ARTS COURSE

Engineering Club
Class Football, '16, '17

ELSIE DEAN HATTON

GENERAL COURSE

Entered from Newport High School, September, 1917

NATHALIE TOMS

CLASSICAL COURSE

Honor Roll
Triple A
Sans Souci, Cor. Sec'y, '17
"One May Day"
Freshman Debate
Completed course in three and one-half years

MARGARET FRANCES WOODLAND

GENERAL COURSE

Honor Emblem
Triple A
Poem "Spokane," '16
Poetry Club
"News" Staff, '18
"Tamarack" Staff, '18
Class Prophecy Committee
"One May Day"

FLORA HEMENWAY WHITE

COMMERCIAL COURSE

"News" Stenographer, '18
"Tamarack" Stenographer, '18
Leader Freshman B Girls of Girls' League

GEORGE RAYMOND FELLERS

MANUAL ARTS COURSE

Entered from Springdale, September, 1915
Agendas
Deltas
Engineering Club
Football, '16, '17

AZA E. SUTHERLIN

GENERAL COURSE

Chemistry Club (Charter Member)
Champion Volley Ball Team Spring, '16, Fall, '17
Leader Freshmen B Girls' Patriotic Work

EDNA GRAHAM

CLASSICAL COURSE

Entered from Great Falls, Montana, 1917

JAMES GEORGE HOLLAND

COMMERCIAL COURSE

Entered from Franklin High School, Seattle, 1915
Mathematics Club

GILBERT A. SCRIVEN
COMMERCIAL COURSE
Entered from Creston High School, September, 1915
Orchestra, '16, '17, '18
Band, '16, '17, '18
"Pocahontas"
"Khufu's Daughter"
"A Bachelor's Romance"

ETHELYN FERN DANIEL
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Chemistry Club
Chairman Class Will Committee
Red Cross Sewing Instructor

JESSIE VERDA DRAPER
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
German Club
Chemistry Club

J. LELAND DANIEL
COMMERCIAL COURSE
Grub Street Club, Rec. Sec'y, '17, '18
Second Prize "Tamarack" Essay Contest, '16
Cross Country, '17
"News" Staff, '17
Athletic Editor "Tamarack," '18
"News" Stenographer, '17
Chairman Class Prophecy Committee

LILLIAN PAULINE KING
SCIENTIFIC COURSE
Entered from Holy Names Academy, September, 1917

GLADYS MILLER
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Triple A
Honor Roll
Sans Souci, Vice-Pres., '17
Mathematics Club, Treas., '18
"Dance of the Months"
Leader of Sophomore B Girls in Girls' League
Class Treasurer, '16

ESTHER REDA CARR
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Entered from Everett High School
Completed course in three and one-half years
"The Truth About Jane"
Red Cross Instructor

ANNA ROSE JORDAN
COMMERCIAL COURSE
Entered from Holy Names Academy, September, 1915
Commercial Club Reporter, '18
Kodak Club (Charter Member)

E. LLOYD BUCHANAN
SCIENTIFIC COURSE
La Tertulia
Completed course in three and one-half years

CATHERINE LILLIAN THOMAS
GENERAL COURSE
Entered from Hillyard High School, September, 1917
Completed course in three and one-half years

IRENE DAISY SPENCER
COMMERCIAL COURSE
"Dance of the Months"
"Khufu's Daughter"
Commercial Club

W. JAMES SUTHERLIN
MANUAL ARTS COURSE
Band, '15, '16, '17, '18
Orchestra, '16, '17, '18
"Pocahontas"
"Kkufu's Daughter"
"A Bachelor's Romance"

HAROLD E. McLAREN
CLASSICAL COURSE
Honor Emblem
Triple A
Agendas, Pres., '15, '16
Sphinx, Pres., '17
Masque, Pres., '18
Class Pres., '15, '17
Second Wranglers' Contest, '17
Portland Debate, '17
Winner North Star Contest, '18
Commencement Orator
Masque Play, '18

JEWELL MAE WILBURN
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Tennis Club
Class Vice-Pres., '15, '16

JESSICA MARY MORIARITY
SCIENTIFIC COURSE
Art Club
Scenery Designer "Khufu's Daughter"

ALBER DONALD DAHLSTROM
GENERAL COURSE
Deltas
Kodak Club
Agendas
Sergeant-at-Arms, Class, '17
"Pocahontas"
"Khufu's Daughter"

EDNA GRIBBLE
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Instructor Red Cross Sewing
Senior B Social Committee

ETHIE TURNER
GENERAL COURSE
Entered from Harrington High School, September, 1916
Chemistry Club
Freshman A Leader of Girls' League

MARYROSE M. GRAHAM
CLASSICAL COURSE
Completed course in three years
"One May Day"
"A Midsummer Nights' Dream"

LUCILE BEMIS CHAPMAN
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Triple A
Class Orator
Honor Roll
Kodak Club, Vice-Pres., '18

TREACY HENRY DUERFELDT
CLASSICAL COURSE
Grub Street Club (Charter Member)
S. P. Q. R.
Edison Club
German Club
Class Football, '15, '16
Asst. Manager Football, '17
Basket Ball Manager, '17
Sergeant-at-Arms, Class '16, '17, '18
Cards and Announcements Committee

NELLIE BOS
GENERAL COURSE
"Dance of the Months"
Monitor Library, Magazines, '16, '17

BESSIE MAUDE MENDHAM
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Mathematics Club, Pres., '18
Sec'y. Class, '15, '16
"Dance of the Months"
Leader Sophomore B Girls in Girls' League

ALLAN KING MOORE
SCIENTIFIC COURSE
Engineering Club

DEANE D. RICHARDSON
GENERAL COURSE
Entered from Okanagon High School, September, 1917
Honor Emblem
Triple A
Deltas
Engineering Club
Poetry Club
Class Song
Football, '17
Track, '18
Literary Editor "Tamarack," '18
"News" Staff, '17, '18

ATHA KOCHENDERFER
HOUSEHOLD ARTS CLUB
Chemistry Club
Arts Club
"Dance of the Months"

MARGARET N. MILLER
GENERAL COURSE

WALTER H. STAHLHUT
MANUAL ARTS COURSE
Engineering Club
Inter-Class Track, '18
Class Basket Ball, '18

CHLOE LORENE JENNESS
GENERAL COURSE
and love"
Entered from Kellogg High School, September, 1917

ETHEL ELIZABETH BOGGS
COMMERCIAL COURSE
German Club
"Dance of the Months'
"Midsummer Nights' Dream"
Champion Volley Ball Team, '17

OLIVE LEISER
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Honor Roll
Triple A
Kodak Club, Treas., '17, Rec. Sec'y '18
"Dance of the Months"
Red Cross Leader Sophomore A Girls

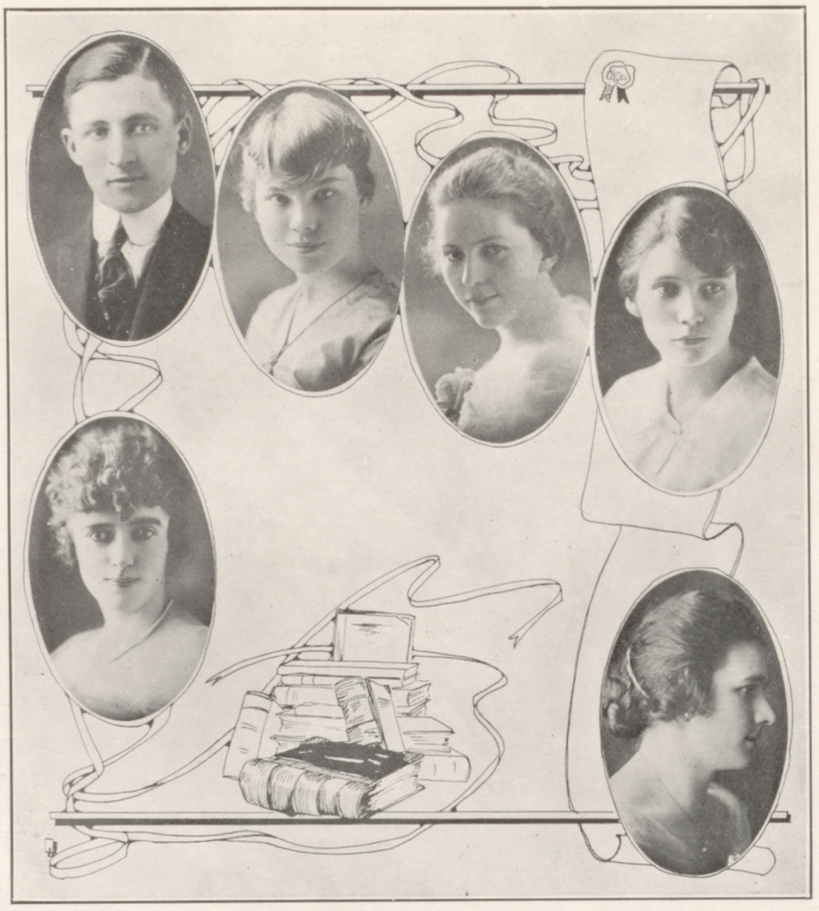
LOUISE ERNESTINE HANNEMAN
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE
Entered from Great Falls High School, 1917
German Club

G. STANLEY ADAMS
GENERAL COURSE
Engineering Club, Vice-Pres., '18
Grub Street Club, Treas. '17
Deltas
Edison Club

HELEN GROENAVELD TONGE
GENERAL COURSE
Entered from Harrison High School, 1917

CECILE WHITFIELD
GENERAL COURSE
Entered from Rosalia High School, September, 1915
Glee Club
"Khufu's Daughter"

ALBERT AREND
GENERAL COURSE
Agendas
Deltas
Kodak Club, Pres., '18
Chemistry Club, Vice-Pres., '17
Glee Club
German Club, Treas., '17
"Khufu's Daughter"
"News" Staff, '18
"Tamarack" Staff, '18
Chairman of Picture Committee



PERRY CRAWFORD
GENERAL COURSE
Chemistry Club
Class Basket Ball, '16, '17

KARMEE A. OLSON
GENERAL COURSE
Library Board
Inter-class Debate, '17
"Dance of the Months"
Sans Souci
Class History Committee
"A Bachelor's Romance"

VIOLET HILL
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

HOPE HENNESY
HOUSEHOLD ARTS COURSE

ELIZABETH GAITSGILL
COMMERCIAL COURSE
Commercial Club
"Dance of the Months"
Kodak Club

KATHERINE DECH
COMMERCIAL COURSE
"Dance of the Months"
"Khufu's Daughter"
Glee Club

Class Poem---June '18

By Margarette Woodland.

Four years ago we put to sea,
A dauntless, hardy crew were we,
The class of June,
Of June, Eighteen.
We've learned our lessons on the way,
For we have worked from day to day,
And all too soon
The end is seen.
And now that four-year cruise is done,
The port is reached, the goal is won;
A favoring gale
Our honors tell.
But now will broader vistas gleam,
And on a deeper, mightier stream,
Our barks will sail.
Oh, guide us well!

LITERARY

Arbitration in Love

By Walter Blair.

R. LORD, general clerk in the Staver & Pope Clothing Store, specializing in neckties, stood behind the counter which was so tall that it obstructed his view of the tiny personage who strode valiantly in bearing a pile of evening papers. But soon a shrill voice called and Mr. Lord was no longer in doubt.

"Mr. Lord! Ya-Hoo!" The childish voice cracked as a high note was reached, and the troubled look on the clerk's face changed to a smile.

"Here I am, Danny!" he cried, moving from behind the counter.

"Evening paper?" inquired the lad with a childish drawl. Selling papers was his business, for his poor family needed even the few cents Danny could earn. Mr. Lord was a regular customer and when business was slack, he was accustomed to place the boy on the counter for a confidential talk about the wicked world and the troubles it inflicted.

Business was slack just then and the lad surveyed the shop from his high position as a preliminary to conversation.

"How's business to-day?" he inquired, as a feeler.

"Pretty good," answered the man seriously. "Sold three forty-dollar suits, Danny, and I'm sure to sell another. A fellow liked one, but said he'd bring his wife around to see it. Of course I won't sell the suit he liked, but I'll get rid of another."

"Gee!" exclaimed Dan. "It must be awful to be married! A-are you ever goin' to get married?"

The boy recoiled as the frown returned. "Never!" said Mr. Lord firmly.

"For th' love of Mike! Are you mad, too?"

"I reckon so! Who-er-who do you mean by the 'too'?"

"Why, the Pie Lady, next door—you know the one I caught you kissin,' so you got mad and said 'Git out o' here an' en'——' "

"Yes, Dan, I know—but it will never happen again." Then after a dark pause: "Go on!—Is the--er Pie Lady angry, too?"

"Yeah! She didn't even smile, and she slapped down my penny, and her lips was stuck out all the time (like they was when you kissed her that day, an' you got mad——)."

"That's all right. Forget that now. How do you like the weather?"

"Are you mad at her?"

"Yes!" the necktie man answered.

"Huh! Jigger the guy!" Here the entrance of the "boss" made Danny slip off the counter for a hasty exit.

II.

"Hello, Danny Boy!" The Pie Lady dispatched her customer and greeted the tot, who manfully tugged at a paper to disengage it from the sack.

"Evening paper, lady?"

"Put it down on the counter! Got change?"

"I reckon!" affirmed Danny, as he proudly counted out four cents.

"Wait. I want to talk to you," begged the Pie Lady. So he sat and waited until she had sold a rusty old gentleman a dozen rolls. She handed Danny a cookie.

"Thank you," said Danny. "What do you think of the weather?"

"Well, it's rather co-ol f-for this time of year—last year——"

"Why, Miss Neville, you've been crying!"

"Does it show?" The Pie Lady produced her powder puff.

"Course it does. Always does. My maw has me leave it that way when I bawl—says I kin sell more papers—an' I kin!"

Perhaps the Pie Lady's belief was that she could sell just as well without the advantage of tear stains. At least she covered them up and looked quite nat-

(Continued on page 74)

An Ace

By Raphael Budwin.

IT WAS midnight. In the Lieutenant's quarters, around the smoke-dimmed lamp, three men sat poring over a crudely drawn map, showing certain division points in the vicinity of the Marne. Each bore a mark of some sort showing activity against autocracy. On the breast of the officer, in whose abode the three men were engaged, two medals for bravery shown in active service were displayed. The bandaged head and arm of the youngest of the trio spoke of his strife in obtaining the sketch which held the undivided attention of the three.

The third, Edward Carvel, was attired in a leather suit of ample proportions, open at the throat, which set off to advantage his clear-cut profile. The hood, which he had just pushed to the back of his well-shaped head, together with the leather leggings, completed his attire. Deep furrowed lines across his broad forehead seemed to multiply as the injured man again began to speak.

"Emerging from the cloud drifts into which I had been driven, it is possible that my directions are not accurate up to where the first line trenches are indicated, but from here back (pointing to the map) I am positive of the positions."

"Could you follow them from the map, Carvel?" questioned the Lieutenant.

"I'm willing to try."

* * * * * *

It was one hour before dawn. The hangars were a scene of much activity. Mechanics and draymen were busy putting the finishing touches on the plane and filling the tanks and auxiliary fuel compartments.

As the rolling banks of clouds were being tinted by the rising sun, Carvel might have been seen walking toward the starting field. His curt remarks emphasized the fact that his thoughts were farther away than his waiting air-craft.

After testing the machine-gun, he removed from a case two small, round pellets of a bluish hue and inserted them in tiny cup-shaped receptacles with spring caps, one in each of the two blades of the large propeller. He then stood gazing for some minutes toward the smoke cloud that marked the cannonading which was beginning for the day.

Finally, what at first appeared to be a speck, merged into the form of an approaching aeroplane. Carvel replaced his binoculars, through which he had been observing the oncoming machine.

Mechanically he adjusted his belt, re-arranged his helmet, and proceeded to put on his gloves, the while walking slowly around his plane. After a last look at the motor and gun, he slightly loosened the spring-cap over each of the two pellets in the ends of the propeller blades, gazed upward at the now recognizable "Taube" with the cross on both of its far-reaching wings, and then clambered aboard his own craft. As in a dream, he strapped himself in and pressed the self-starter.

While the machine strained at the retaining rope, for the first time that morning Carvel's mind seemed to come under his control. Lifting his eyes he saw his commanding officer approaching and leaning as far out of the car as possible, he received the map and his final instructions, which were shouted by the Lieutenant. When the moment of parting arrived, man and officer grasped hands. No words were spoken.

Fifteen minutes later Edward Carvel's plane, ascending in graceful spirals, could be clearly seen silhouetted against the approaching clouds. A little later the purr of the motors of the two machines punctuated now and then by a sharp report, spoke of the engagement which was progressing in the clouded heavens.

For two hours the battle raged. Carvel's face was ashen, not with fear, for he had been engaged in the air before. Occasionally he cast a sideward glance out over the wings to the level country below. Far to the right, he could distinguish the place from which he had started such a short time before, but which now seemed an eternity. He could almost persuade himself that he could pick out his individual companions at the station below him, waving their caps and encouraging him. His head throbbed, not with dizziness of the height, but from the excitement of the conflict.

A report broke the continuous hum of the air vibrating through the stays of the machine, followed by a rending sound. The plane gave a sickening slide. After recovering from the shock, Carvel allowed his craft to drop until momentum enough had been obtained to assist him in righting himself.

The thought of the "loaded" propeller flashed through his mind, and with a muttered curse his lips tightened. A quiver ran through the slight frame beneath him, as he pressed the accelerator almost to its limit.

Carvel altered his course in such a manner as to bring him into a cloud-bank. Upon entering it, he changed his direction again to one almost at right angles, and then mounted upward with a sudden burst of speed.

Emerging from the clouds, he could see nothing below him but a void, in which raced to and fro the enemy's aeroplane. He was haunted by the face of his antagonist, which he had seen while making his way toward the friendly clouds An instant he hesitated. Had he not sworn to do his duty, whatever the consequences might be? Had he not seen this same birdman but the day before cause the death of his own brother and almost that of the boy who drew the maps he now carried?

He hesitated only for an instant. His motor at top speed, the nose of his plane turned earthward, he

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Two Days

By Deane Richardson.

HELLO! Yes, this is the Earl of Snoofenkoof. Ah! I take it this is the Duke of Ickenstein. Yes, indeed. Well, I'm listening. What? We're going? Glad to know it, but where? Oh, we are, are we? Ye-ah? In a half-hour then. So-long."

"Well," I mused, "I wonder what's eatin' the kid. Here he's just back from a week's outing and calls up wanting to go again. Well, I'm with him at any rate. This village is as dead as dead."

This was Sunday morning and I was attired for a conquest on the tennis courts, but sat down, instead, to await the coming of the Duke of Ickenstein, otherwise known as Carl Colby, my best pal. I had seated myself at the piano in an endeavor to blend a few inharmonious chords, when the front door seemed to cave in all at once and Carl rushed, or rather fell, into the room. For an hour that bright July morning we laid plans for the trip.

About 40 miles west of our town of Crazy Rapids, Buck's Peak lifts its perpetually snow-capped summit and overlooks the peaceful valley of the Mission River. It was here that we had planned to go. Besides the wonderful view we could obtain from the peak there was the prospect of seeing a heliograph outfit in action at the forestry look-out station which was situated on the very pinnacle of the mountain.

Tuesday morning of that week found us "on the trail," as it were, going up a country road through a narrow valley. At noon we pitched camp at Rock Creek, near its confluence with the Loup Loup. The acrid odor of the pines and tamaracks lent a flavor to our bacon and coffee that cannot be purchased at the finest restaurant in the world. Throwing our packs again, we climbed up a long grade that the forestry service had constructed. The road, which was cut out of nearly solid rock, was a wonderful place for "rattlers." We found two and dispatched them immediately, our cayuses standing on one toe, the while. These range ponies have very keen acoustic powers when it comes to that buzzing rattle, and generally pitch around a bit.

At the top of the long grade we found a few scattered farms. At one of these great excitement prevailed. There was a bear in the neighborhood, which, according to a bare-footed youngster, was "as big as a cow." The mail box read "Adam Storey," and we wondered if the scare was or was not what the name implied.

About four o'clock we came to a "dividing of the ways" and, according to a rudely inscribed sign, the trail (if it can be so flattered) that led to the right would take us to the forestry station. Here we began to have lots of luck—all of it bad. The pack was so wide that it became necessary to lead the animal on which it was placed in and out among the trees so as not to scrape off a portion of our outfit.

As we continued, the trail became steeper and we had to stop frequently to breathe the horses. About 6:15 we reached a little flat just below the snow-line and decided to camp there, as it would be much warmer than on the summit. We were then about a quarter of a mile from the look-out station at the top. After a supper of bacon, beans, bread, and coffee, we built up a big fire and began to toast marshmallows, a can of which we had stowed away in the pack. We stayed close to the fire, too, for it gets mighty cold up there in the evenings, even in the summer.

The sun set at 8:05 that night. An hour later we "rolled in" and lay there watching the fire burning lower and lower until only a few embers remained. A coyote barked over on the west bank of Sweat Creek, and in the distance the long quavering scream of a cougar welled up, then sank to a low moan. It may have been the cold I was shivering from—I don't know. We slept rather fitfully that night.

After breakfast the next morning, we watered the horses and hobbled them. Then taking a rifle and camera we began the ascent. We had scarcely gone a hundred yards, when Carl sighted something across Sweat Creek Canyon. Bringing his field glasses to bear on the object, he chuckled, "Look here, would you. Just to the left of that black log, see?" I could plainly see a small black bear rolling over stones to get ants for his breakfast. I fired a shot at him, but as it was over half a mile he merely looked up and then continued his meal.

At the lookout station we met Jack Condon, the forestry man, who was very glad to see us. "Haven't seen anyone since Jordan helped me in here with supplies," he said, "and that was six weeks ago." "Come up on the platform," he continued, "and I'll show you the best view in the Northwest." A platform about 25 feet high constructed of poles was set out on a rockly ledge and thither we bent, and, as O. Henry says, "Nearly broke our footsteps" over the rocks.

First we looked to the west, where the peaks of the Sawtooth and Cascade mountains gleamed like pearls in the morning sun, the jaggedness of the ranges standing out in sharp contrast above the miles and miles of rolling timbered hills. Away to the north, Mount Chopaka loomed up — 8000 feet in height. It marks the international boundary, a portion being on either side of the line. Toward the east, the land sloped gradually, until it finally dipped into the Mission River valley. With field glasses of a heavier calibre than ours (lent us by Condon), we could see the "white water" of Crazy Rapids forty miles away. The land to the east of the valley was continuous rolling hills and "wheat country."

To the south the great Columbia River, a mere white ribbon 60 miles away, wound down a wide valley on its way to the sea. The green of the pines and hemlocks in the immediate foreground and the

(Continued on page 88)

The Spy Catchers

By Josephine Vincent.

INTO the peaceful village of ———, somewhere in France, the advent of the Great War had hurled itself, taking its toll of young and middle-aged men before the inhabitants fully realized the situation.

Soon, in their diligent French fashion, the women, girls, young boys, and some old men took up the thread of their daily existence imperturbably as if nothing had ever happened. Even when the scene of battle drew perilously near and the dull roar of the guns was not inaudible for a moment and an occasional shell even wandered in, the peasants carried on their daily tasks serenely as the cows munching in their pastures.

One house in the town was occupied by a well-to-do family. The family Peret, one of the oldest and thriftiest in the community, was composed of Mother Peret and her small son, Marcel. There had been a father, but he was now lying beneath a small wooden cross on the Marne. There was also an older son, who was with the Flying Legion. Twice he had been decorated for bravery.

There was another in the household — the small orphan cousin of Marcel, Robert Manton by name, the son of Madame Peret's sister, who had married an American and gone across the seas to live. The boy was essentially an American, with the French vitality and the robust health of a young ox.

Fortunately he and Marcel took to each other like ducks to water. They played the livelong day in the yard surrounding the house and on the streets with the other children. Their especial delight lay in playing in a shell-hole in a corner of one of the pastures, which was rapidly filling with water. It served admirably as an ocean on which to launch vessels and in which to submerse submarines to sink them with.

"Marcel," suggested Robert one day, as they tired of blowing up ships (thereby rendering the sea totally unsafe for democracy), "let's play we're detectives. Detectives are people who catch spies and persecute them, you know. To persecute people is to cut their neads off."

The suggestion was hailed with delight, and they immediately set forth upon their quest for spies. The play progressed for a week, and in that time the amateur spy catchers had conceived a system which truly would foil the archest of Germany's arch-spies. Or so they thought.

Robert, with his Yankee ingenuity, conceived the "system." He organized all the little boys in the village, and nobody but themselves ever knew or told how it really worked. That's what made it such a grand success. I should like to tell you about it if I knew, but after all, results count and results are what this story's about.

Suffice it to say, if Jean Burger, on the other side of the village, stubbed his toe, Robert knew it inside of a minute. And the only telephone in town was one which had been installed at the postoffice recently, but which was rarely, if ever, used.

One day during a period of heavy shell fire—one shell had all but demolished the little chapel—Marcel, now a veritable Sherlock Holmes, reported to headquarters, which was an empty shed in the Peret back yard, some interesting facts.

"M. Ronvert, the postmaster, is talking very fast over the telephone," he said. "I was in there, but he did not know it. What he says does not make sense."

"Very good, Marcel. Tell me what he said."

"I wrote it down as nearly as I could remember. It went something like this: 'Caesar was planning to make a raid on the pantry. . . . Yes, I will go to Rome by way of Iceland tomorrow at 10:30. . . . Have the jam surrounded, so Caesar can't get it.' Now, what do you imagine he meant by that? Robert, I think M. Ronvert is a German spy!"

"Yes, and that was a code message. You've done fine, Marcel! But we must be very quiet about this. Let no one know about it. You and I alone will work on the case. Who knows but what we shall be decorated for bravery? Undoubtedly we can find the meaning of that code if we try."

They set to work forthwith to translate the message. They were thoroughly convinced now that M. Ronvert was in the employ of the Kaiser. Look at the evidence they had!

To begin with, he was of military age and was not in the army. Then, he had not been there very long; he was often absent for a week or two; and there was the recent installation of the telephone; and —well, with all this incriminating proof, he began to bear a striking resemblance to pictures of Mr. Hohenzollern they had seen.

The translation progressed rapidly. In fact, Robert had it all completed within half an hour of the time Marcel had brought it in.

"Here we are! This is what he said, I know: 'Captain Blanque' (he's the one in charge of the sector nearest us, so it must be he) 'is planning a raid on some section of the German lines for tomorrow at 2:30 a. m.' (He put it 8 hours later—all spies do). 'Have them surrounded by German soldiers.'"

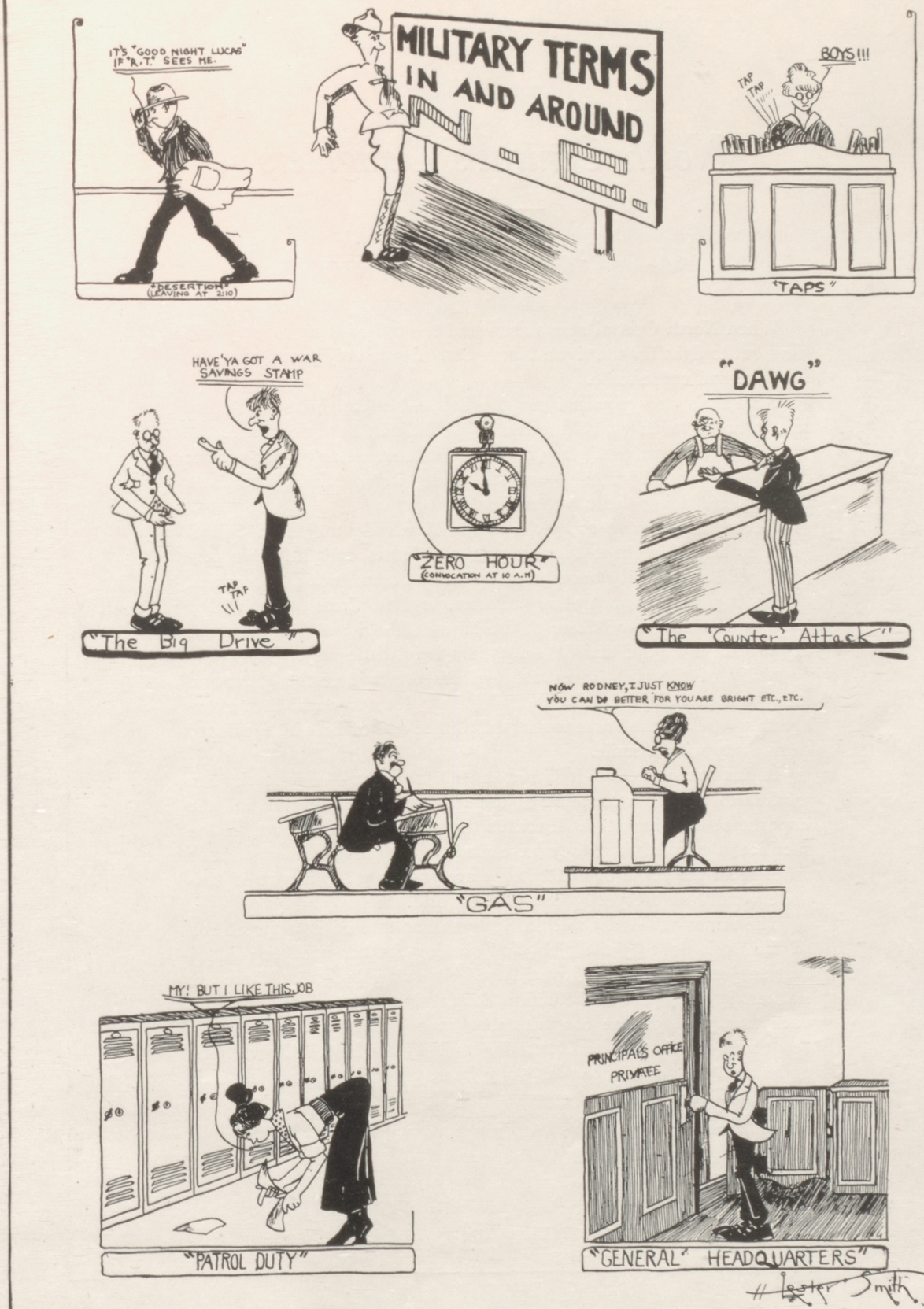
"That's it! I knew he was a spy! But now, how are we to capture him?"

"We could get a gun and shoot him, but that would be too good for a spy. No, we shall send a letter to Paris and tell them about it. We shall send it to the War Office."

So a letter was despatched to Paris. In it was a copy of the message and its translation, and a summary of the evidence against M. Ronvert, along with a request that someone come down and attend to the matter immediately.

They did not have long to wait. Two days later,

(Continued on page 86)


IT'S "GOOD NIGHT LUCAS" IF "R.T." SEES ME.
"DESERTION" (LEAVING AT 2:10)
MILITARY TERMS IN AND AROUND
BOYS!!!
TAP TAP
"TAPS"
HAVE 'YA GOT A WAR SAVINGS STAMP
TAP TAP
"The Big Drive"
"ZERO HOUR" (CONVOCATION AT 10 A.M.)
"DAWG"
"The 'Counter' Attack"
NOW RODNEY, I JUST KNOW YOU CAN DO BETTER FOR YOU ARE BRIGHT ETC., ETC.
"GAS"
MY! BUT I LIKE THIS JOB
"PATROL DUTY"
PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE PRIVATEE
"GENERAL" HEADQUARTERS"
Hester Smith

North Central's Daughters

By Josephine Vincent.

When North Central's sons answered the call of their country and went out to fight for the right, North Central was very proud of them. And she had cause to be.

But she is also proud of her daughters—her daughters who were left at home to do their little bit. This bit was hard for them. It did not cover them with glory nor win for them a star on our service flag. But they did it, and are still doing it, as valiantly as their brothers are doing theirs "over there."

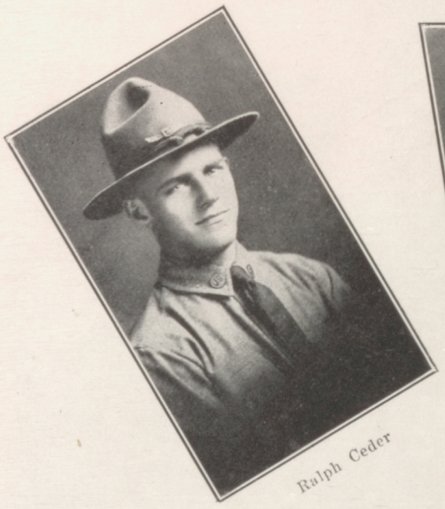
Never before have the girls of the North Central High School given so little thought to themselves, their clothes, and their own personal pleasures. They have given up many hours, formerly occupied by moving pictures and other luxuries, to Red Cross work. They have sent messages of cheer to the boys in khaki and blue, and are helping them all the time in some thoughtful little way.

Many of the girls have sent brothers off to face the guns, and many will probably never see them again. But never will their courage falter. Like the brave women of France and of Britain, they send them away with a smile.

It has taken them — it has taken all America — a long time to awaken to the full realization of the seriousness of this war and the importance of winning it. Perhaps they do not even yet realize the sacrifice it entails. But they have made a beginning now, and, 7000 miles from the scene of action, they are just as much a part of ultimate victory as everybody else in the world.

The American Red Cross in Spokane has told of its appreciation of the work done by the girls, and nothing further need be said on that subject. To be sure, there have been some slackers. There are slackers in every part of the United States—in every part of the world, excepting, perhaps, the countries that have "waked up." But those few slackers will not be slackers long. They are North Central girls and there are none in the land any finer, truer, more loyal to their school, country, and to the great Allied cause than the girls of the North Central High School of Spokane, Washington, U. S. A.

HONOR ROLL



Ralph Ceder

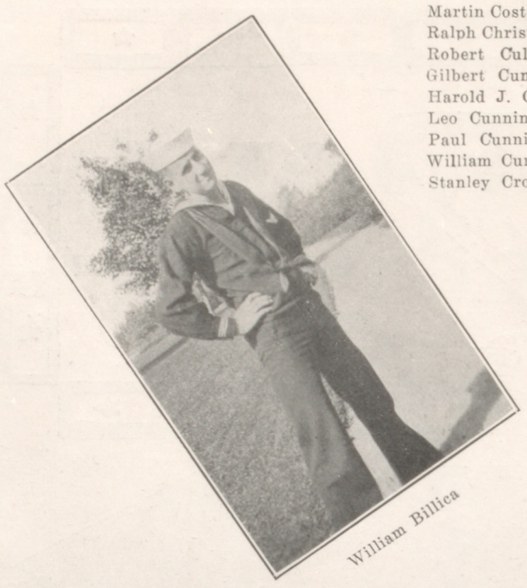
Ford Dunton

Lavelle Finkelson

Ralph Lantz

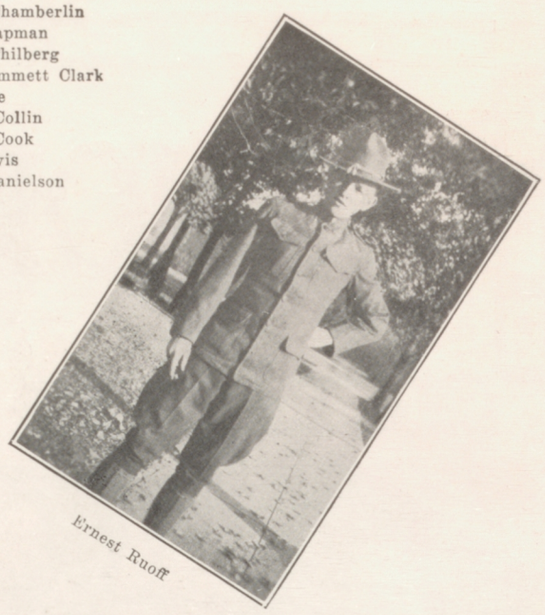
Charles Abraham	Earl Bartlett	Arnold Burmaster
Clifton Abrams	Eugene Bauer	Ralph Bomar
Chester Adams	John Bean	Frank Bouck
Tom Allen	Walter Bean	George Bradford
Arthur Anderson	Cuyler Beaton	Donald Briley
Harold Anderson	Byron Beardsley	Elmer Brettschnieder
Homer Ansley	Raymond Bevier	Charles Brooks
Le Roy Armond	Newton Butterfield	Charles Burger
John Armfield	Alfred Buzard	Stanley Blanchard
Peter Aultman	Lyman Buzard	Kenneth Cable
Harry Acord	Jerome Bierce	Juel Carlson
George Allen	Armand Blenner	Eugene Ceder
Herbert Bahnes	W. Frank Blinn	Ira Cook
Morton Baker	Signor Blum	Bert Crockett
Floyd Barker	William Boggs	Charles Chandler
Wyman Barker	Paul R. Brown	Wilbur Case
Jerome Barline	Cecil Bond	Dick Cheatem

Loring Overman



William Billica

Martin Costello
Ralph Christie
Robert Culver
Gilbert Cundy
Harold J. Cundy
Leo Cunningham
Paul Cunningham
William Cunningham
Stanley Crooonquist
Martin Chamberlin
Cecil Chapman
Arthur Chilberg
Albert Emmett Clark
Paul Cole
George Collin
Calixte Cook
Guy D'Avis
Russel Danielson
Arthur Dahlstrom
Arthur Davenny
J. Riley Davenny
Walter Davis
John Dean
Alfred Deibert
A. C. Delbert



Ernest Ruoff

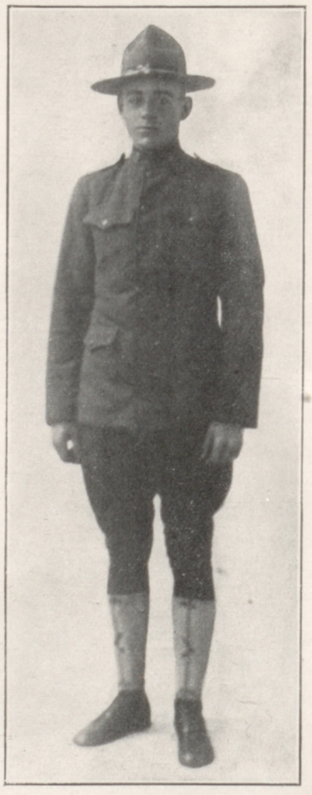
"The North Central Tamarack"

Stewart Down
Wendall Dunstan
Wayne Durham
Forest Durst
William Duwe
William Dwyer
Ronald E. Dye
William Eddy
Ernest Elliot
Lester Ellis
Stanley Eslick
Vance Eastland
Harold Eddy
Cecil Fenstermacher
William Fields

Al Roberts, Reg Smith, Virgil Shields

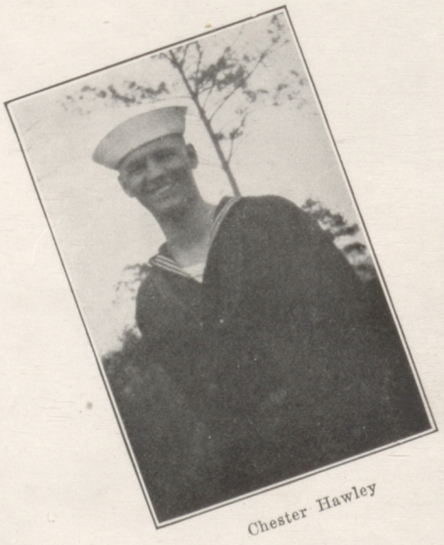
William Fitzsimmons
Henry Flack
Richard Flack
Thomas Flack
Walter Fraser
Arthur Frick
Francis Fuller
John Garmon
Erling Gasman
Frank Geiger
Arthur Grauman
Paul Gray
Ira Green
Roger Greenough
Sherman Grier
Floyd Gunther

Ed Shea

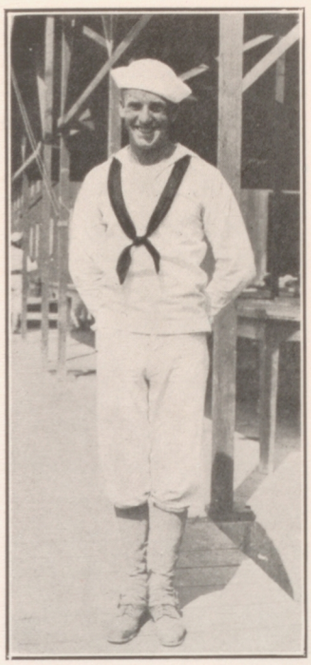


F. Earle Butler

James Gibbons
Floyd Glaze
James Glaze
Carl Goettal
Athol Gorrill
Kenneth Hall
Cecil Hammer
Neils Harper
Frank C. Howard
Montie J. Howard
Will Hirschey
Edwin Hughes
Harry Hughes
Cecil Humphreys
Dudley Humphreys
Le Roy Hunter



Chester Hawley

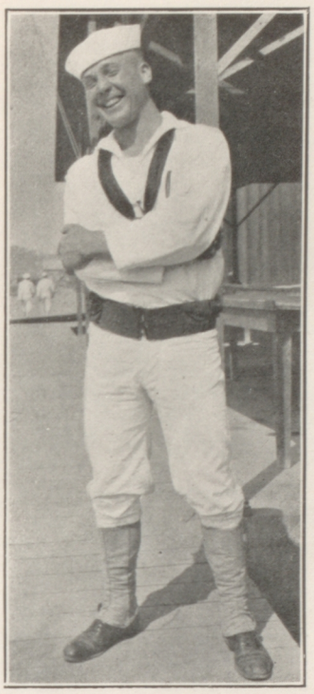


Glen Johnson

Donald Hamilton
Harold Hamilton
Chris Holen
Samuel G. Hill
Harvey Iams
Harry Irving
Clarence Iry
Leon Johnston
Joseph Johnson
Orville Johnson
Ralph Johnson
Dale Jackson
Gust Jansen
Elmer Johnson
Roy Johnson
Gayton Knight
Fritz Kilmer
Charles Kaempff

Emmett Brandt
Milton Brandt
George Bloomquist
Charles Beadone
Guy Barnett
Lee Conrad
Denton Cluff
Jack Deck
Lee Evanson
Kenneth Hamilton
Guy Hurd
Raymond Hawkes
Louis Haxton
Leon Hills
George Holden
Harry Holt
Floyd R. Hopkins
Ray Horn
Walter Horn
Leslie Haymer
Rex Heath
Clive Heddle
Loris Henry
Theodore Hibbitt
Everett High
Emmet Hill
L. Albert Hill
Ernest L. Hix

Jack O'Hara



Verne Slater

John Kaemmer
C. Lloyd Kamrath
Aden Keele
Harold Kenyon
Verne Kimmel
Clare King
Lyle King
Cleo Knowlton
Frank Kohner
Robert Kolbe
Howard Lamb
Kenneth Lee
Leonard LeGrant
Bryan Leiser
Selwyn Leiser
Louis Levin
John Lichty
Daniel Lindsley

La Verne Peterson

Herbert Lindsley
Holt Lindsley
Herbert Linecke
Donald Littlemore
Beaumont Lower
Ellsworth Lucas
Roy Lovejoy
Frank Lycette

Reg Smith, "Pete" Williams

Frank Spaulding

Phillip Lycette
Horace Masterson
Norman McCormack
George McDougall
Earl McEwen
Paul McHugh
Martin McGowan
Lacone McLean
Roland N. McLean
Burns McDonald

Clive McDonald
Hugh McDonald
Hugh McElroy
Phillip McEntee
Fred McDonald
Melvin McCain
Joe McCormick
Courtland McCain
Ernest McCready
Donald McPhee

Clarence Hulbert

Bentley Merrick
Harold Merrin
Frank Metler
Dewey Meyers
Delmer Miller
Morais Miller
Walter Miller
Robert Mills
Fred W. Mendham
David Moodhe
Harry Mountain
Roy Manhart
Horace Manring
Ralph Manring
Lester Margitts
Sam Markowitz
Fred Mast
Kenneth Martin
Williard Matters
Ward Munson
Albert Murphy
George Murphy
Claude C. Murray
David Musselman

Donald Neely
Harold Neely
Ralph Neely
Harold Nelson
Wallace Nickum
Raymond Newberry
Lee Niles
Ed Nye
Paul Neill
Ernest Nelson
Robert O'Brien
Harry C. Olmsted
Elmer A. Oliver
Howard Olin
Alvin Olsen
Robert Owen
Alan Paine
Verne Palmer
Marsh Parker
Harold Parks
Lloyd Pattee
Phillip Peterson
Howard Peterson
Phillip L. Peterson
Harold Peyne
John Pierson
Earle Poe
Harold Pederson
Herbert Pefley
Merritt Penrose
Harold Peters
Walter A. Powell
Robert Patton
Ronald Patton
Evan Pearson
Howard Potter
Don Pounds
Herman Pounds
Verne Powell
Raymond Prescott
Glen Price
Victor Pradella

Arthur Elvigion

Lewis E. Jeklin

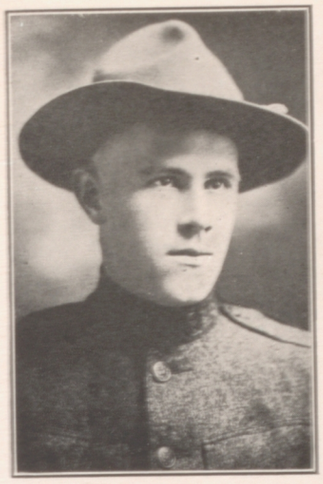
Benton Prater
Lester Pelton
Ralph Quarry
Harry Quass
Edward Quigley
Dallas Rader
Donald Rader
Leslie Randall
Walter Russel
John Redmond
John Reed
Carl Renard
Morris Reynolds
Albert Richards
Ward Ricker
John Robbins
Frank Roberts
William Robinson
Don C. Robinson
Cavour Robinson
Clarence Rohwer
Burchard Ross
Carl Ross

Fred Shaw

Kenneth Ross
Lewis Robie
Fred Ross
Will Ross
Albert Rogers
Cavour Robinson
Howard Rouse
Richard Smith
Ward Richards
Clarence Sampson
Bolivar Schofield
Louis Seagraves
Luther Sether
George Shannon
Lewis Shannon
Leroy Spacek
John Shaw
Curtis Shoemaker
Leslie Sanders
Guy Sheehan
Scott Smith
Lee Smith
Harold Smith

Harry Aumack

Dr. Lambert's Hospital Unit



Albert Richards

Ernest Ransome
George M. Shuster
John Segessenman
Lorrance Richards
Harvey H. Sanborn
Tremaine M. Smith
Arthur Savage
Myron Scholer
Herman A. Scholer
Gordon Schwartz
Claude Smith
Cyril Smith
Edgar Smith
Edmond Smith
Ira Smith
Jack Smith
Neal Smith
Harry Spencer
Wallace Sproul
Wayne Spry
Delmer Stack
Walter Stahl

Donald Stewart
Louis Stier
John Stone
J. Parker Sims
Frank Skadan
Walter Skow
Harold Street
L. D. Swanson
Everett Tarter
Robert Tate
Clarence Tatsch
Frank Taylor
Paul Taylor
Daniel Teters
William Thomas
Munson Thorpe
Frank Thunberg
Glen Tollenaar
Robert Tommas
Arthur Torgeson
Archie Torkleson
Marshall Thomas

Everett Whitcomb

Eugene Tollefson
Kirby Torrence
Eugene Travis
Glen Tubbs
Victor Tubbs
Clark Upton
Harold Vess
Claude Voelker
Harold Walker
Carl Wallace
Ford Waltz
Otto Warn
Glen Watkins
Harry Wantz
Jared Wilson
Otis Wilson
Ward Walker
Charles Whittemore
Frank Williams
Kenneth Williams
Warren Williams
Donald Wilson

Le Roy Moe

Waldo Ricker

Harold Wilson
Walter Wilson
Egbert Wylder
Lyle Watt
Merlyn Webber
Leal Wegner
James Weideman
Romulus Whalen
Leon Wheaton
Spencer Wheeler
Everett Whitcomb
Russell White
William Wilson
Garrett Witbeck
Russell Witters
Lester Woods
Chester Woodcock
Ace Woods
James Woods
Cecil Wylder
Robert Yorke
Neil Zimmerman

LEST WE FORGET FRANCE

By Margarette Woodland.

O, land of peace and freedom,
Of light and liberty,
America, whom God has blessed,
I stretch my arms to thee!
Once more my rivers run with blood,
Again I'm scourged and torn,
Degraded, weakened, and oppressed,
Defaced with shame and scorn.

Almost had I recovered
From a blow of yesterday,
When the sword of Mars descended,
And swept my strength away;
Almost rebuilt my temples,
My poetry and art,
And encouraged and enlightened,
Almost had taken heart.

Almost; but ere forgotten
Were the former dread alarms,
The war-gong pealed its deadly note
And summoned me to arms!
I answered. Forth my armies went,
And now, the millions sleep
Beneath the blood-soaked homeland sod,
Or somewhere in the deep.

The cannon pour their death-notes
Throughout the dreary land,
And ruin, suff'ring, and distress
Abound on every hand!
No peace, no hope, no mercy,
No rest by night or day,
But revenge, and hate, and slaughter
Inspire the fiery fray!

And yet I'll fight for honor
To save my sacred name!
Do you forget my former deeds,
My virtues and my fame?
O hear, O help, and pity—
Till I at last am free!
America!—'Tis France who calls—
Turn not away from me!

NORTH CENTRAL'S DANCING ARTISTS

Edna Hoag

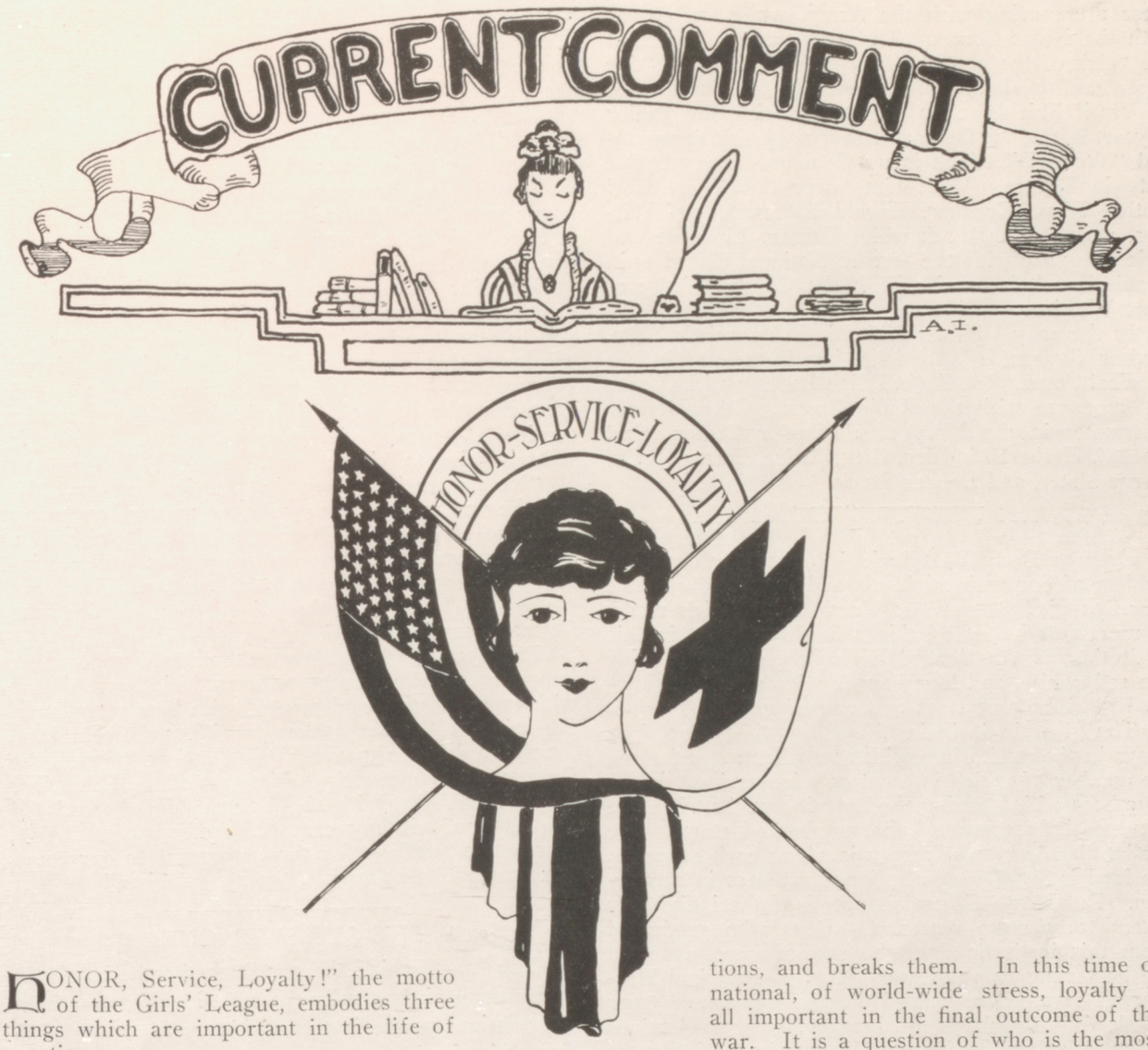
Laura Sullivant

Barbara Meikle

Gladys Kenyon

Grace Benefiel

Waltra Clark



"HONOR, Service, Loyalty!" the motto of the Girls' League, embodies three things which are important in the life of a nation.

First is "Honor," the duty of every American citizen to himself. If every man, woman, boy, and girl fulfilled his duty to himself, it would be a very different old world. The Kaiser, for instance, should have more compassion for his own feelings than he has heretofore exhibited. If he had done his duty by himself, he would not be the most hated man the world has ever known. He and his people would be going about their daily affairs, and millions of men would be alive who are now dead. On the emblem, the girl's head stands for Honor.

The second is "Service," the duty of Americans to others. It is the duty of the individual to other individuals and of America to her Allies. The Red Cross is the greatest symbol of mercy and service there is, service—the thousands of little things you can do every day for somebody. By far the greater part of the service rendered in this world is unrecognized, but the great work the Red Cross is now carrying on will go down in history. And our school had a part in performing this work! The Red Cross flag stands for Service in the Girls' League emblem.

Last, but not least, is "Loyalty." Loyalty, your duty to your country, wins battles. It makes nations, and breaks them. In this time of national, of world-wide stress, loyalty is all important in the final outcome of the war. It is a question of who is the most loyal, the most patriotic—Germany, or America. If it is America, we shall stick it out and stand back of our army until we have sent over our last cent, our last grain of wheat, and until our last man is out.

Let's all be Americans! Let us perform our three duties unflinchingly and without a word of protest. The graduating class is going out into the world to try its luck there, and it leaves behind it the best possible wishes for the success of future classes. We shall all remember those two mottoes—"Honor, Service, Loyalty," and "En Avant"—"Forward! Forward!"—*Josephine Vincent.*

GONE—BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

"He is absent,"—"He has gone to War." These often-repeated, grim words have been to us stern mementos that our country is in a state of war.

In our school, as in all schools, were the boys whose deep sensibility of our nation's peril told them to lay aside their studies and school activities and to proffer their services for the nation's military organizations.

Twenty-one boys of the June '18 Class have stepped from class room into uniforms. Nine of

these are serving with the Army, while twelve are with the Naval forces. These twenty-one represent the "pick of the class." They were among the "live wires" and leaders, and their loss is felt deeply.

Virgil Shields, class president during the Junior B year, left at the first call last spring with the mythical "Troop D" which is now doing Military Police duty in France. With him "over there" are Earl Butler, Floyd Gunther, Harold Peters, Russel Witters, and Ernest Ruoff, while Herbert Linnecke and Lyle King are with the former National Guard unit. Frank Bouck is serving with the Coast Defense at Fort Worden.

In the navy William Billica is Pharmacist's Mate. Arthur Savage is also following Pharmacy in the Medical Corps. Ira Cook, Ralph Lantz, and LaVerne Peterson are with the Radio Corps. Other former classmates in the Navy are: Cuyler Beaton, Carl Goettal, Herbert Lindsley, Glenn Price, Harry Quass, Verne Slater, and Delmer Stack.

SERVICE FLAG IS UNFURLED

Even as Betsy Ross lovingly sewed the beautiful emblem of our national ideals and inspirations, "The Star Spangled Banner," so North Central girls made, as representative of all things finest and best in this institution, North Central High School's service flag —a red, white, and blue banner with over four hundred glorious blue stars and one of gold.

The gigantic insignia, fifteen by thirty-two feet, hangs in the auditorium with row after row of stars, the number of which is constantly increasing. Many have been added during the last nine weeks. We are not especially proud of the number of stars. We realize that it is only proportional, as each school in the land is sending equally large numbers in proportion. But North Central is proud of the individuals whom those stars represent. Boys who graduated from this institution or who studied here, annealed by the testing flame of war, have, as Principal Hargreaves says, "been judged men by newer and truer standards," standards of bravery, of conscientious action, certainly fundamental factors in the judgment of manhood.

Thus the student body feels that the battling sons of North Central typify all things most excellent in our school. For this reason the flag was purchased by all the students, rather than by any club or organization. The boys and girls in attendance here feel that that banner shows, in a small measure, their respect for the men who have left them, for only a little while, they hope, but perhaps, in some sad but glorious cases, forever.

Whether it is years before those boys return or whether it is months, the school wants that flag, significant as it is of school spirit interwoven with national patriotism, to hang on the walls of North Central, second only to "Old Glory," respected and revered.

So the flag was unfurled on the evening of April 18 in the school auditorium before a large and enthusiastic audience. Sergeant-Major Manning of the Canadian over-seas forces, N. W. Durham, Lieutenant Alan Paine, and Principal R. T. Hargreaves were the speakers of the evening.

Sergeant Major Frazer Manning gave an inspiring address.

"Canada," he said, "welcomes her noble ally. We know America and expect great things of her, but be assured her sons will not be sacrificed, because they are not rushed into battle untrained."

N. W. Durham spoke on patriotism and said in part: "The new patriotism is not only love of country, but love of justice and liberty."

Alan Paine, graduate of the class of June '13, now a second lieutenant in the 14th Infantry stationed at Fort Wright, spoke on behalf of the North Central boys in the service.

He said: "Many represented on that flag to-night are on the western front. I do not need to exhort you to stand back of them. There is not a shadow of doubt that every sacrifice asked will be given; every demand made will be met; but I want to tell you what the boys of this school are giving to the service. They are giving to it morale. Morale is what is going to win the war.

"No matter how long that service flag may fly, and the war may be a long one, no matter how many of those blue stars will turn to gold, it will be a symbol representing the value we put on our free institutions and a sign that our lives and blood are pledged to keep alive those institutions against the German invasion."

Principal R. T. Hargreaves delivered an earnest, impressive, and eloquent address which was heard with rapt attention and greeted with hearty applause. He said: "This is no time to talk and babble and drool and drivel of peace. It is the time to crush the Germans, to hammer the hellism out of the Hun. Our motto should be, with the French, 'En Avant.' If we falter we will be recreant to the boys of that flag, recreant to our love for them, recreant to our country, recreant to honor and the eternal high."

THE GIRLS' LEAGUE

The "man behind the gun," whether he be a man or a woman, is generally the most important and the least noticed person in the machinery of an organization or institution.

In the Girls' League there are several "women behind the guns." The biggest, littlest, and most modest of these is Miss Jessie E. Gibson, originator of the League and director of the Social Service department. Her untiring effort and ready sympathy, together with her never-ending fund of good ideas, have made her one of the best-loved teachers in the North Central High School. She is "one of the girls," as are all of the teachers who have charge of the four departments.

Miss Ardelia Peckham, director of the Personal Efficiency department, is a thorough "good fellow," and all the girls who have ever known her will confirm this statement. No one who is around her can help but imbibe some of her "pep" and feel the better for it. She has done splendid work in her department, and has been ably assisted by Miss Annette Francisco, who, although she is new (or *was* new) in the school, has caught the North Central spirit and has won for herself a host of friends.

Miss Marguerite Motie, director of the Entertainment department, is very busy, but she has willingly undertaken the job and has made a success of it. Miss Motie is known and liked throughout the Northwest

as "Miss Spokane," but she is known and loved in the North Central High School just as "Miss Motie."

In choosing a director for the Patriotic department, the "powers that be" sought one who was on fire with patriotism, and who would work unceasingly for her school and for her country. They certainly found her in Miss Nina Wayne Grau, who has such an overflow of enthusiasm that she works like a Trojan, and then manages to find time for more work.

Under such able direction, the girls can't help but accomplish what they set out to do. The girl leaders, too, are full of persistence and "pep." Each has the essential characteristics which seem to belong to the department of which each is the head, and the girls have responded wonderfully to their leadership during this first semester.

In all, the Girls' League is a "government of the girls, by the girls, and for the girls."

TRIPLE A SOCIETY

Twenty-six members of the class of June '18 were named to membership in the Triple A club, the Senior A Honor Society, formed last year by Principal R. T. Hargreaves, which has for its motto the words, "Ambition," "Action," and "Achievement."

Membership in the club is contingent upon scholarship, leadership, and meritorious work in extra-curriculum activities, and is regarded as one of the highest honors possible to be conferred by the school on the members of the graduating class.

The students honored are as follows: Walter Blair, editor-in-chief of "The News"; Raphael Budwin, managing editor of "The Tamarack"; Ruth Erickson, president of the Library Board; Maurice Jackson, business manager of "The Tamarack"; Harold Hanley, captain of the baseball team; Hubert Jones, track captain; and Nadine Sims, president of the Vox Puellarum.

In addition, those who received special honor letters are also members of the society. They are: William Briscoe, Harold Eby, Harold McLaren, Deane Richardson, Josephine Vincent, Margarette Woodland, Maurice Jackson, Robert Green, and Harry McDonald.

Those Seniors who were on the scholastic honor roll are likewise entitled to membership. They are: Emma Anderson, Lucile Chapman, Gladys Miller, Elise McLean, Lydia Young, Harold Young, Una Middleton, Nathalie Toms, Mabel Quass, Myrtle Bradley, Lois Allen, Meta Klemz, and Olive Leiser.

A LUCKY OMEN

A little black cat
  In the office sat,
And I asked:
  "Pray, who owns thee?"
He purred and replied (very dignified),
  "I belong to the great R. T."

"Ain't it the truth?"

He does belong to R. T. Hargreaves, North Central's popular principal, and his main occupation is "holding down" the "chief's" desk in the office. He is made of pasteboard and black felt cloth and his eyes are so skillfully painted that the glaring orbs are capable of shaking even the strongest Freshman morale.

Just before Christmas, in 1910, he began to assume the shape of a cat. Mrs. Hargreaves, wishing to make a "good" cat out of the pasteboard and felt, put much time and not a little work on it (him, I mean).

At last she had him finished and on Christmas Day he was presented to our principal. When Mr. Hargreaves came back to school after the holidays, the cat came along and assumed his untiring vigil upon the desk.

RICHARD T. HARGREAVES

He is now a little over seven years old, but according to "R. T." he's "as good as ever."

RED CROSS WORK

More than four thousand articles were made for the Red Cross this past semester by the girls of the school under the supervision of Miss Carrie D. Hitchcock, head of the Domestic Science department. The list of articles includes sheets, towels, baby wraps, operating caps and gowns, masks, dresses and pinafores for refugees, leggings, petticoats, surgeons' aprons and boys' shirts. Besides the sewing, knitted garments such as sweaters, socks, helmets, scarfs and wristlets were made.

Since the organization of the Girls' league the work has progressed very rapidly and the Domestic Science department was able to handle more Red Cross sewing than ever before. An average of fifty-five girls turned out every night after school, although many times more answered the call.

Different teachers took charge of the sewing rooms every night in the week, instructing the girls in their work. Those who had charge were: Miss May Frank, Mondays; Miss Pansey Olney, Tuesdays; Miss Frances Wilson and Miss Eva Scantlebury, Wednesdays; Miss Mary Hamilton, Thursdays and the Vox Puellarum girls, Fridays. Other teachers who have worked faithfully and efficiently with the

girls were: Miss Nina Wayne Grau, Miss Hazel Blake, Miss Jeanette Ware, Miss Alice Bechtel, Miss Mary Evans, Miss Emma E. Clarke and Miss Annette Francisco.

The Patriotic Division of the Girls' League appointed the following eighteen Senior A girls to take charge of the after-school classes of Red Cross sewing: Irene Luther, Lydia Young, Flora White and Aza Sutherlin, Freshman B; Ethie Turner and Minnie Lynch, Freshman A; Gladys Miller and Bessie Mendham, Sophomore B; Olive Johnson and Olive Leiser, Sophomore A; Ruth Crockett and Jewell Wilburn, Junior B; Zoa Whipple and Mildred Crane, Junior A; Myrtle Bradley and Ruth Erickson, Senior B; and Alice Quigley and Nadine Sims, Senior A.

One day during spring vacation, thirteen Senior girls brought their lunches and sewed all day for the Red Cross. Miss Pansey Olney, instructor in sewing, who had charge, offered prizes for those who finished first. Lucile Chapman won the first prize of two Thrift Stamps and Alice Skone received the second prize of one Thrift Stamp. The other girls who volunteered were: Helen Brown, Edna Gribble, Gladys Miller, Zola Patton, Helen Skeffington, Cecile Whitfield, Olive Leiser, Mildred Crane, Minnie Lynch, Myrtle Ceder, and Clara Anderson.

SENIOR HONOR LETTERS

The honor letter emblem conferred by the school for conspicuous ability in outside activities was awarded to ten members of the Class of June, 1918, by Principal R. T. Hargreaves on Commencement night. This award is distinct from that given for scholastic honors and for athletic achievements, although the recipients must have maintained a creditable scholastic standing.

Those who received the special letters are: William Briscoe, for debating and leadership; Maurice Jackson, for administrative and business ability; Harold McLaren, for debating and public speaking; Harold Eby, for debating; Deane Richardson and Josephine Vincent, for literary activity; Margarette Woodland, for work in versification; Robert Green, for musical activity; Harry McDonald, for debating and public speaking; and Walter Blair, for literary activity and debate work.

THE NEW ADDITION

The new addition to North Central is occupied at last! For several months the sound of hammer and saw has disturbed us from our daily routine, but now all that is over and instead there stands a structure with eleven thousand square feet of floor space. The two main floors of the new wing are connected with the old building in such an inobstructive way that no one would ever guess it was an addition at all.

This new addition, which grew out of the need for more room to accommodate the many students who are attending North Central, has some new features not hitherto found in the school, which add a great deal to its appearance and convenience.

No more will the lower halls be filled with munching, crunching individuals at noon, for the new café is now able to take care of all those who buy their luncheons, as well as those who bring their lunch from home. It is a pleasant, well-lighted room in which the students can enjoy their noon-day meal to the fullest extent.

The library is more than twice as large as formerly and thus the customary rush for seats will have become a thing of the past, and instead you will see the students sauntering in and out those new swinging doors, their brows free from those little impatient frowns, for they know that plenty of seats await them.

There is another new pair of swinging doors besides those entering the library. These lead into a big, sunny room called study hall. It is, indeed, an important addition to North Central, for there one can study without being distracted by a class which is reciting.

In addition to these rooms, there are two new sewing rooms, an architectural drawing room, an arts room, and a number of class rooms, besides the locker-room in the sub-basement.

GIRLS' MILITARY DRILL

"Company—attention!" Two rows of girls, 150 strong, suddenly stop whispering and assume an attitude of angelic attention.

"Right—dress!" The 150 girls elbow each other and think they are in a straight line. "That girl down there in the—long white waist!" (By this is meant a middy.) "Step up two inches!" Whereupon the long-waisted one steps back two feet.

"Attaboy!" yells the audience, composed of several masculine admirers situated on the roof of the new addition.

"Squads right!" commands "General" Tydeman, after taking six steps, the soldierettes form into a column four deep. "Forward—march!"

"Left, right, left, right—hip, hip, hip, hip! Column—right!" Around the block they march, and after having to make way for three automobiles and a street car, the soldierettes, their hair "all down," march triumphantly into the enemy camp—school.

WAR WORK OF THE CLUBS OF NORTH CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

Eleven clubs in North Central have proved their loyalty to their country by taking an active part in some form of war service. The Delta Club, composed of fifty live boys of the school, heads the list with a total donation of $130.00, of which $85.00 was given to the Y. M. C. A., $35.00 to the Boy Scouts, and $10.00 to the Salvation Army War Fund.

The Vox Puellarum, the largest girls' club of North Central, made thirty-four Christmas bags for the soldiers, conducted an "Apple Fund Drive," and the Service Flag campaign, besides sending a box to a wounded lieutenant, as well as magazines and copies of "The News" to other soldiers.

The German Club, although its name has been a severe handicap in many activities, has done its "bit" by making twelve sweaters, two pairs of socks, two helmets and four pairs of wristlets for the boys in France.

A French soldier, or "Poilu," was adopted by the San Souci or French Club. A letter was sent to him at every regular meeting of the club. He proved to be a very interesting correspondent. Christmas time he was sent a box containing a sweater, socks, and

sweets. The club also bought material and made clothes for the French orphans.

The Spanish Club promptly answered an appeal of the soldiers for more books by conducting a book drive throughout the school, which resulted in the collection of over seven hundred books.

A call for donations for the Spokane Red Cross Shop was answered by the Kodak Club by a campaign in which many articles of value were collected.

The Mathematics Club, although organized on a mathematical basis, departed from its usual form of work and made two comfort kits for the boys "over there."

Extensive work was done for the relief of the suffering Armenians by the Latin Club. Club members also made many attractive pamphlets for our boys.

Realizing the vast importance of buying Thrift Stamps, the boys of the Sphinx Club organized a systematic Thrift Stamp campaign, which brought a splendid response from the student body.

Fifteen dollars each was also given to special war work by the Commercial Club and the Engineering Society.

The above clubs have responded splendidly to every demand made upon them and have shown another good example of North Central spirit. But the organizations have done more than this,—they have sacrificed many of their most active members who are now in the ranks with the lads in khaki.

ALAN PAINE

Alan Paine, graduate of North Central in the Class of June '13, and graduate of Harvard, holds the rank of Second Lieutenant in the 14th Infantry, now stationed at Fort George Wright. Lieutenant Paine was a prominent member of the school and attained a great deal of distinction through his speaking and debating activities. He has the honor of holding the highest scholastic record of any boy that ever attended North Central and has been surpassed by only one girl. He captained several winning debate teams and was editor of the "Tamarack" while in school.

While at Harvard, Paine distinguished himself by his debating prowess in all four years of his attendance and was chosen as class orator at graduation. He recently entered an officers' training camp, where he received his commission and was immediately transferred to his present station.

Paine spoke at the dedication of the Service Flag April 6. He delivered one of the most impressive talks ever heard in the North Central Auditorium.

THE NEW LIBRARY

Miss Lucile Fargo, librarian at North Central High School, has had her school home enlarged and has been enjoying the pleasure of standing on 4,227 square feet of floor space for several weeks. Few other school librarians in the Northwest have so large a domain.

The repairs were made by a slow and painful, but most thorough, process. Loud hammering and sentimental ditties from the other side of the partition were alike appreciated by the guests which Miss Fargo entertains at every period of the day. On the day when the removal was made from the old home to the new chaos reigned, but now an air of peace and quiet pervades over all.

Miss Fargo's new home has three rooms, a large library room, a room for debate preparation, and a consultation room. Most of the guests remain in the large library room but those who, either voluntarily or under compulsion, are preparing a thesis or debate are allowed the use of the other two rooms. Miss Fargo herself has a desk in the center of the room and she feels "like an island in the middle of the Pacific," as she expresses it.

During the summer the rooms will be completely refurnished with equipment finished in light oak. New chairs, tables, and shelves, and a new librarian's desk will replace the old ones. A book truck, an exhibit rack for new books, special filing cases for pictures and clippings, and a display case will be some of the new features of the library.

DR. A. H. BENEFIEL

"Oh, thunder!"

"That is what Dr. A. H. Benefiel, vice-principal, a mild-mannered gentleman, says at those rare times when he becomes exasperated. Although this is a much-abused expression, it is very handy, and even the doctor realizes its various merits.

Perhaps, when he is drowsing some pleasant summer day over his fish-line "somewhere in the deep"

DR. A. H. BENEFIEL

and suddenly feels a jerk on his line, he will find a fish—a real fish—there. If so, great joy will illuminate his face.

"A trout, a trout," he will cry, in much excitement. But no, it is a bass, the Doctor is told, whereupon he utters that "occasional," "Oh, thunder," and tries his luck again.

Catching bass is not his only hobby, for you will often find him leaving the bubbling stream behind and sounding the woods in search of our bird friends. There are two kinds that attract him somewhat,

namely the kind that fly and the kind that walk. Being a scientist and interested in the Bird Club, he is well able to distinguish between the two varieties. For instance, he knows that the flying species cannot dance, so he never bothers them.

His taste runs in many directions, although the study of science is his principal recreation, especially the branch of botany. He taught that subject and was the head of the Chemistry and Biology departments in North Central before he was made vice-principal. Frolicking with a "caddy" is another of his amusements, and the "Duffus" Golf Club names him as one of its members. Other tools besides the brassie claim his interest, and he can often be found happily employed in whittling on a small piece of wood or hammering his fingers. At a time such as the latter, if you were in the vicinity you would probably see him smile (?) and then hear that characteristic expression, "Oh, thunder!"

MAY DAY EXERCISES

Milton's "Comus," which was presented as the May Day exercises to the student body in convocation by the girls' gymnasium classes, under the direction of Miss Ardelia Peckham, physical director, and Miss Marguerite E. Motie, dramatic coach, proved a great success.

The skilful handling of difficult lines, graceful dancing, and pretty costumes were fully appreciated by the enthusiastic audience. Those who took leading parts follow: Margaret Jenkins, Comus; Pauline Endres, Lady; Queenia Griffin, Attendant Spirit; Vera Balfour, Elder Brother; Geraldine Glen, Younger Brother; and Margaret Bement, Sabrina.

The crew included Dorothy Farr, Carrie Phillips, Florence Yeoman, Marcia Fellers, Elizabeth Roberts, and Juanita Wilson. Sabrina had for her nymphs Thelma Defenbaum, Elsie Kitley, Grace Shea, June Miller, Grace Pegan, Lucile Cole, Maryalice Hogel, Eva Swank, Mary Hunter, Dorothy Roberts, Doris Little, and Doris Robinson.

FACULTY "JOY RIDERS"

That we are harboring law-breakers in our midst is unknown to most of us, but truth is bound to come to light at last. Corruption has been found among the faculty!

A party of maiden teachers, so the story runs, were coming to school one bright morning in a respectable looking automobile belonging to one of the number. They had dissipated the night before, having indulged in a "Charlie Chaplin" and an after-theater milkshake "a la mode," and were therefore later than usual. Accordingly, they gassed up and hopped over the ground at about forty. As they neared the Crystal Laundry a passing street car stopped to let someone off. Absolutely disregarding the ordinance which forbids automobiles to pass within six feet of a street car taking or letting off passengers, the lady at the wheel "stepped on it" and was slightly startled when a plain clothes man swung on to her running board.

"Name and address, please."

"Miss Blank Blank, Blank Apartments."

"Going fishing?"

"Oh, no, we are going to school."

A light like an Orient sunrise dawned on his face. "Ah!" he murmured, "teachers! And their first offense!"

One of the teachers caught this sign of weakening and bestowed upon him a bewildering smile of joy. The rest took their cue and "vamped" him wickedly. He fell for it and said, "Pass on."

T. A. BONSER

Instructor of botany and agriculture classes at North Central, caretaker of the Spokane museum, and manager of our school garden in Audubon Park, T. A. Bonser is very busy, but nevertheless, when he was requested he found time to compile and publish a "War Garden Manual," a pamphlet containing advice and carefully worked-out plans for making War Gardens. These pamphlets will be especially helpful to those who are this year trying to "do their bit in the war" by planting a War Garden, for they treat with the soil conditions and produce grown in the Inland Empire.

Interesting in connection with this is the fact that our garden in Audubon Park is this year to be a Model War-Garden. All the produce is to go to North Central to be used immediately or to be canned and dried by our Domestic Science department for winter use in the cafe. An effort will be made to secure a number of boys to care for it during the summer. Those doing satisfactory work will receive credits in Agriculture.

Before coming to North Central, Mr. Bonser taught in Old Spokane High School and Spokane College. He has written several articles on the geology of Spokane County, and accompanied the Geological Survey to Gray's Harbor in 1911. His name may be found in the Directory of American Men of Science.

L. W. SAWTELLE

When North Central opens it doors next fall she will be minus another of the conspicuous members of the faculty, for a year's leave of absence has been given L. W. Sawtelle, for the past eight years head of the English department. Mr. Sawtelle finds it necessary to go "back to the soil" on his ranch near Portland, Oregon, because of ill health. Instead of returning, then, to North Central in the fall, as he has done for the last ten years, Mr. Sawtelle will probably forget that there ever was such a place as North Central, but will rise every morning at 4 A. M., don his overalls and straw hat, and be a "regular farmer" for a whole year.

Perhaps it is a mistake to say that he will forget North Central, for we know that he will be wondering about the debate teams, oratorical contests, and the clubs that he has organized and fostered during the time that he has been here. Mr. Sawtelle coached the first debating team that North Central ever had, and he has been actively connected with debate work ever since. Besides his regular duties, he has successfully coached some of North Central's best orators, and has formed among the boys two of the most prominent clubs of the school, the "Sphinx," a debating society, and the "Grub Street," a literary organization. Mr. Sawtelle is also the founder of the Masque Dramatic Society.

Before going to North Central, Mr. Sawtelle taught

in the old South Central High School. During the time that he has been connected with the city schools, he has been conspicuous among the English teachers here. At the last meeting of the Council of English Teachers, he was re-elected secretary-treasurer of the organization. He carries the best wishes of North Central with him.

MILITARY DRILL

Should there be any doubt in your mind regarding the benefits of military training given in North Central ask the forty odd boys who are planning to use it at some future date, if things continue as they are at the present time. Every recruit in the squad will tell you that he believes he is doing a patriotic act by obtaining a knowledge of military tactics, so that when he is called upon to take his place in the ranks of Uncle Sam he won't waste valuable time in coming out of the "rookie" class.

With this end in view, W. R. Tydeman, the instructor, has given the boys a valuable foundation upon which may be built a more complete knowledge of army movements, and his charges have also extended every effort to learn thoroughly, in the short space of time afforded and the scanty equipment provided, all that will develop them into efficient fighting men.

MISS ALICE J. BORRESEN

Miss Borresen, teacher of French, is the first woman from North Central who has joined any branch of service in that great army which will do duty in France. For three years she has taught North Central's sons and daughters to "parlez-vous Francais." In addition to this she was the faculty director of the French Club, the "Sans Souci."

This "petite" French teacher applied for enlistment last December in the United States Signal Corps, but it was not until February that she was called. At present she is stationed at San Francisco, where she is rapidly learning the art of the "hello-girl." From her present place of residence she will be sent to France via Washington, D. C.

Miss Borresen's ready wit and sparkling laughter will be remembered in North Central when the originator of it is somewhere on the battlefields of far-away France.

THE FRESMEN B'S

Although they entered North Central with little trouble or confusion, the 268 "wee ones" who were enrolled here last February have proved themselves to be a lively and interesting crowd. Their number is not unproportionate to the amount of "pep" and school spirit which they have already notably displayed, for the class is one of the largest ever enrolled for the spring semester.

Neither the present graduating class nor any of the alumni need worry about North Central's future, for there has been discovered among the Freshman B Class plenty of talent along various lines, which will help to keep up the school's former achievements.

A great deal of interest has been shown in all the school activities, especially in athletics, and Sam L. Moyer, boys' physical director, has found some excellent material, especially for track work. Musical talent has been shown by several more as pianists, violinists, or vocalists. Some, too, have displayed talent in platform work, and North Central looks to these to uphold her oratorical record for the next three or four years.

Don't be afraid, "Freshies"! If you have talent of any kind, just add to it a little "grit," and as soon as you let us know about it, we're willing to help you to get a start, so that you may do what you can to uphold "the spirit of the school."

W. J. SANDERS

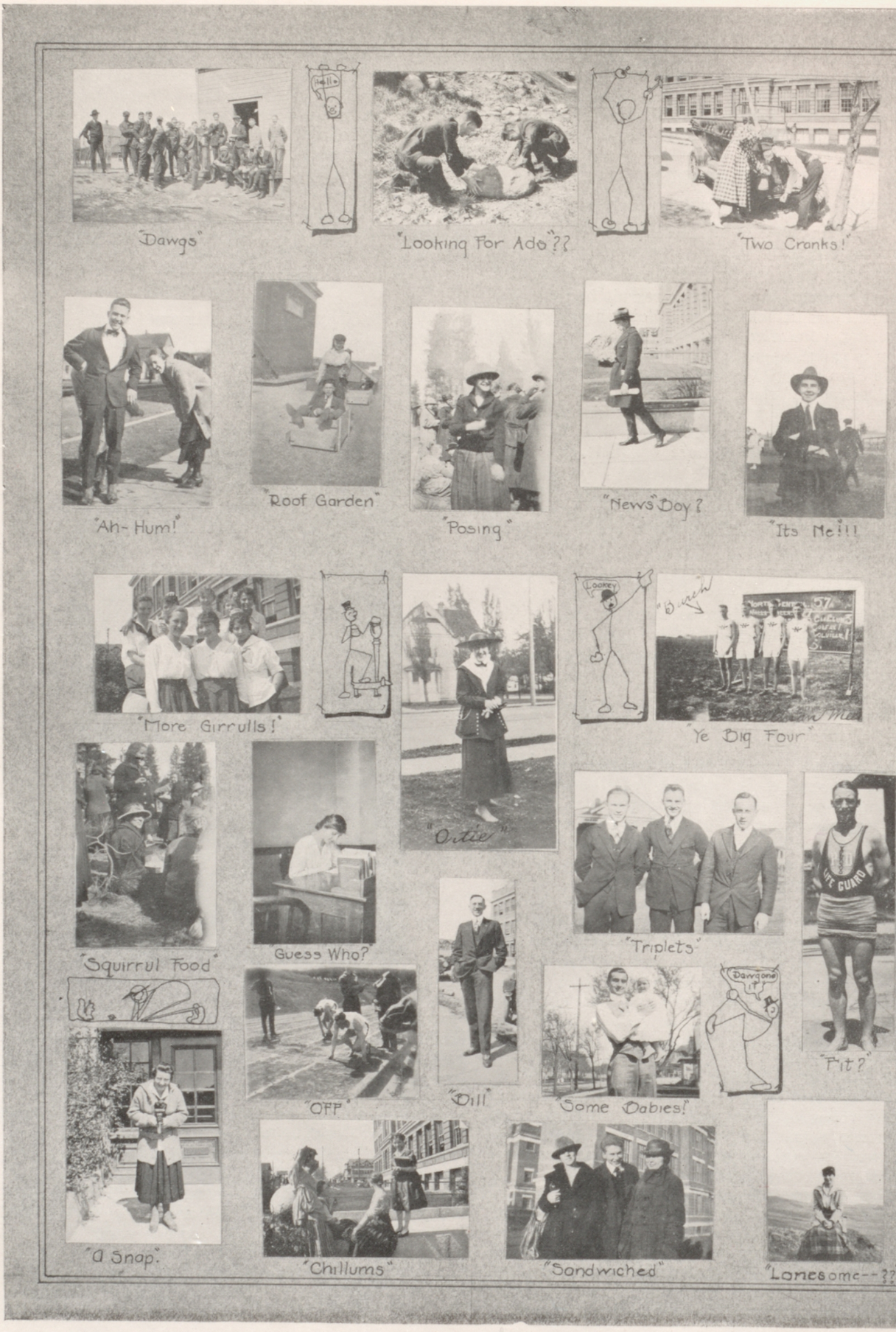
W. J. Sanders, English teacher and faculty director of "The North Central News," will succeed L. W. Sawtelle as head of the English department for the year 1918-1919. Mr. Sanders is a graduate of Co-

W. J. SANDERS

lumbia University, New York City, with the degree of Master of Arts. He is rounding out his third year in North Central.

Prior to coming to Spokane, Mr. Sanders was head of the English department of the University School, Louisville, Ky., for two years, and for four years was first assistant in the English department of the McKinley High School, St. Louis, Mo. He was also assistant professor of English and Latin in Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pa., for one year.

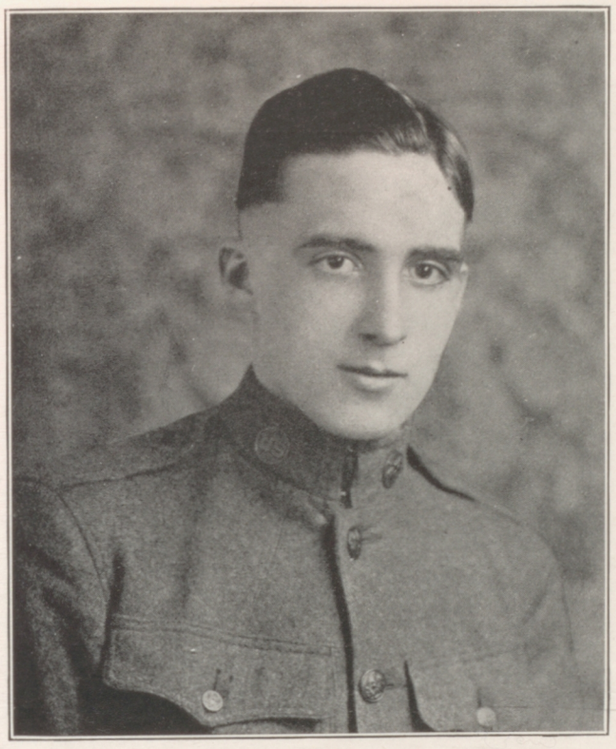
In addition to his teaching experience, Mr. Sanders has done considerable newspaper work, serving in an editorial capacity on "The Daily Report," Lebanon, Pa., and "The Evening Bulletin," Walla Walla, Wash.


"Dawgs"
"Looking For Ado"??
"Two Cranks!"
"Ah-Hum!"
"Roof Garden"
"Posing"
"News" Boy?
"Its Me!!!
"More Girrulls!"
"Ye Big Four"
"Ortie"
"Squirrul Food"
Guess Who?
"Triplets"
"Fit?"
"OFF"
"Dill"
"Some Babies!"
"A Snap."
"Chillums"
"Sandwiched"
"Lonesome--??"

SERGEANT-MAJOR HALL

Of the lads in khaki who have attained the highest honors in military circles is Sergeant-Major Kenneth I. Hall, former student at North Central and a graduate of the Class of January '17.

When Hall enlisted he was immediately sent to Camp Dodge, Iowa, where he attracted so much attention that he jumped to the highest non-commissioned rank in the army. While there he spent a



SERGEANT-MAJOR HALL

portion of his spare time in teaching French at the Y. M. C. A. house in camp. He also did solo work at one of the largest churches in Des Moines.

At North Central it will be remembered that Hall was a prominent member of the Glee Club, and other musical organizations. According to C. Olin Rice, musical director, he had a very fine bass voice.

Hall expected to go to a Reserve Officers' Training Camp in the spring, but was so rapidly promoted that he decided to remain where he was.

A short time ago he received instructions to report to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to take examinations preliminary to his entrance to West Point.

The report that Hall is the youngest person that ever received the rank or Sergeant-Major has been unofficially circulated and it is quite probable that such is the case. It is known that he is the youngest holding that rank at the present time.

MISS EDITH J. BROOMHALL

Spanish students will not be able to "pull the wool" over Miss Edith J. Broomhall's eyes after this by saying, "Well, it was in the book."

Miss Broomhall is the author of a text book, "Spoken Spanish," which will be published shortly by Allyn & Bacon, a well-known New York publishing firm. The book will probably be used in third semester Spanish in North Central. Mr. Bacon, the junior member of the firm, wrote Miss Broomhall of the immediate acceptance of the book.

Miss Broomhall is rapidly becoming an author of some distinction, and some day North Central will have further reason to be proud of her. She has written two operettas, "Gaucho Land" and "Khufu's Daughter," which were very successfully produced by the Music department. All who saw the operettas will agree that for excitement of plot and interest, they beat any slap-stick comedy or vampire tragedy that was ever produced.

The book itself contains several playlets which were written for the Spanish club, "La Tertulia," to amuse the members at social meetings.

If Miss Broomhall doesn't linger a while on the road to fame, North Central will be boasting of her as its great scenario, novel, grand opera, and essay writer.

TERPSICHOREAN ARTISTS

North Central has several terpsichorean artists. These girls, aided by Miss Peckham, have appeared in many entertainments in school and have represented North Central in outside performances. Besides dancing, several of the girls are prominent in other school activities. Grace Benefiel, daughter of Dr. Benefiel, demonstrated her ability as a dancre as one of the Egyptian dancers in "Khufu's Daughter."

Waltra Clark and Edna Hoag are well known in Spokane as Highland Dancers, and appeared in March at the entertainment before the Girls' League. Laura Bullivant is not only an actress, but also a clever dancer. She performed gracefully as Zanta in "Zanta's Dream," presented by Miss Peckham.

Gladys Kenyon, a promising young dancer, has done her part by appearing in several Red Cross entertainments, both in and out of school.

Barbara Meikle was the court danseuse in "Pocahontas," and has appeared several times before North Central audiences, as well as entertaining in many skits throughout the city.

These young ladies are much in demand for Red Cross and other such benefits.

THE HOSPITAL CORPS

Nine popular North Central graduates who joined the Red Cross Hospital Unit of Dr. S. E. Lambert are now serving in France.

Miss Effie Knutson is the only girl in the squad. The other North Central members are Charles Abraham, Arthur Torgerson, George Shannon, Otto Warren, Leroy Hunter, Clarence Sampson, William Robinson, and Loris Henry.

The unit was organized early last spring and left for France April 13, 1918.

COMPLETE COURSE QUICKLY

Two boys and eight girls in the Class of June '18 received diplomas, June 6, after completing their courses in less than four years. Two of them, Hazel Eastland and Maryrose Graham, finished in three years. Nathalie Toms and Mable Quass are on the honor roll.

The others follows: Dorothea Klein, Catherine

Thomas, Sarah Berelson, Lloyd Buchanan, Theodore Karn, and Ruth McGovern.

"MISS" GORDON RUSSELL

"Who is she?" "I've never seen her at North Central before." "Where did she come from?" Such were the remarks of the audience at the Delta High Jinks as a Titian-haired, beautifully gowned young "lady" tripped lightly upon the stage. "She" wore a white silk suit, a picture hat, and white slippers. "She has a pleasing voice," said others as the prima donna finished singing. Then, much to the surprise

"MELBA" GORDON

of the audience, the young "lady" removed her hat and Titian wig and Gordon Russell emerged. He then sang in his natural voice, which is tenor.

His make-up was clever and it even misled some of the stage hands.

Gordon is a member of the Junior B Class. He has a jovial nature and is well-liked by his fellow classmates.

"HIGH JINKS" A SCREAM

Gray-headed mothers, solemn stout fathers, perfumed sisters, and bashful lovers, even grouchy women and men-haters of the school, paddled through tears of laughter at the annual "Delta High Jinks" staged in the auditorium the evening of April 26. "Pep" was the watchword and a crowded house showed several times by its hearty applause that it had caught the spirit of the evening.

A "jazz" band started things, sliding from high to low, syncopating the staid and stolid order of feet all over the house.

Entered a strong man and therewith open mouths in the watchers "ahed" and "ahed," until the curtain descended.

Harold Hanley and Clayton Finnegan presented "The Conversion of Harrington," a fitting prelude to the scream of the evening, "The Melba of the West," a comical sketch with singing, wherein Gordon Russell proved that he could appear to be a splendid lady in spite of the fact that he arrived late.

Miss Gladys Kenyon presented a Russian dance. The Liberty Quartette sang well.

Two splendid tableaux were found pleasing, and "English Eddy and His Eddiettes," the clever little skit which has been so successful this year at many programs, encored.

The concluding act was the little play, "The Man Next Door."

Alma Bracht, Katherine Sohns, Robert Irvine, and Maurice Jackson did well. Jackson had a glorious outfit of whiskers.

Long live the "High Jinks!"

"A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE"

"A Bachelor's Romance," a comedy in four acts by Martha Morton, which was presented May 24 in the school auditorium by the Senior A Class, was a great success and afforded much amusement for the large and enthusiastic audience. Under the skilful direction of Miss Marguerite E. Motie, instructor in public speaking, the players took their respective parts with the art of professionals.

The cast of characters follows: Marvin Anderberg, David Holmes; Merrill Davis, Harold Reynolds; Raphael Budwin, Savage; Duane Shinn, Gerald Holmes; James Sutherlin, Mr. Mulberry; Albert Arend, Martin; Gilbert Scriven, James; Karmee Olson, Sylvia Somers; Katherine Peterson, Helen Le Grand; Elise McLean, Harriet Leicester; and Cecile Whitfield, Miss Clementina.

MISS WOODLAND WINS "VOX" AWARD

Miss Margarette Woodland, a prominent member of the Senior A Class, was awarded the prize of ten dollars, given semi-annually by the Vox Puellarum, the girls' society of the school, to the girl member of the graduating class who has shown the greatest development in personality, has shown greatest ability in overcoming obstacles, and has maintained a high standard of scholarship.

The committee who decided the award consisted of R. T. Hargreaves, Miss Jessie Gibson, Miss Ida May Wilson, Miss Nadine Sims, president of the Vox, and two other Vox members appointed by the president.

"FANNY AND THE SERVANT PROBLEM"

The Masque Dramatic Society presented "Fanny and the Servant Problem," a comedy in four acts, by Jerome K. Jerome, Friday evening, April 19, before a large and enthusiastic audience. This play was one of the best ever presented by the Masque and a great deal of the credit is due Miss Marguerite Motie, who coached the students.

The cast of characters follow: Martin Bennett, Harold McLaren; Verona Wetherell, Francis McKay; George Newte, Robert Irvine; Dr. Freemantle, Leon Woodrow; Earnest, Leland Upton; Fanny, Caris Sharp; the Misses Wetherell, Alice Quigley and Laura Bullivant; Susannah, Geraldine Moore; Honoria, Bertha Keller; Jane, Leone Webber; chorus girls, Alma Bracht, Gertrude Byler, Catherine Sohns, Lucille McCall, Ruth Hubbell, and Genevieve Moore.

North Central Wins at Pullman

North Central easily won the Eleventh Annual Eastern Washington Inter-scholastic Track Meet at Pullman this year, upsetting the dope and romping off with 57 points, one of the largest scores ever hung up in a high school meet on Rogers Field. Twenty-two schools participated, entering a total of 136 athletes. Lewis and Clark annexed second place with 29 tallies, while the best the much-touted team from Walla Walla could do was to secure 27 points.

Wallace Burch was the sensation of the meet, winning the three short sprints, tying the record in the 220, and running on the relay team, which hung up a new mark of 1:35:4. Richardson also showed up well, winning the broad jump and placing in the sprints. Davis won eight points in the hurdles, but Captain Jones ran in hard luck, being disqualified after winning first in the high sticks. Simpkins, Hilliker, Swank, Hanley, Trow, Zeitler, and Lower also won points for the Red and Black.

North Central brought home two cups for its new trophy case, one for being high point winner and the other for taking the relay.

The summary:

50-yard dash—Burch, North Central, first; Richardson, North Central, second; McNerney, Walla Walla, third. Time, 5 4/5 seconds.

Pole vault—Hoffman, Walla Walla, first; Hanley, North Central, second; Trow, North Central, third. Height, 11 feet, equaling inter-scholastic record made by Hoffman last year.

Shot put—Yenney, Walla Walla, first; Jans, Edwall, second; Hoffman, Walla Walla, third. Distance, 44 feet 3 inches.

880-yard run—Pratt, Lewis and Clark, first; Kienholz, Lewis and Clark, second; Simpkins, North Central, third. Time, 2 minutes 3 3/5 seconds. New record.

100-yard dash—Burch, North Central, first; Evans, Walla Walla, second; Richardson, North Central, third. Time, 10 2/5 seconds.

120-yard hurdles—Collard, Lewis and Clark, first; Davis, North Central, second; Powers, Davenport, third. Time, 18 4/5 seconds.

High jump—Pigg, Sedro-Woolley, first; Hoffman, Walla Walla, second; White, Lewis and Clark, third. Height, 5 feet 8¾ inches.

Discus—Hilliker, North Central, first; Maurer, Davenport, second; Pigg, Sedro-Woolley, third. Distance, 97 feet 2 inches.

220-yard dash—Burch, North Central, first; Richardson, North Central, second; Meicho, Lewis and Clark, third. Time, 22 seconds, equaling the former record.

440-yard dash—Pratt, Lewis and Clark, first; Swank, North Central, second; Kienholz, Lewis and Clark, third. Time, 53 2/5 seconds.

Javelin—Yenney, Walla Walla, first; Durrwachter, Cle Elum, second; Gilbert, Colville, third. Distance, 149 feet 6 inches.

220-yard hurdles—Davis, North Central, first; Reubens, Lewis and Clark, second; Krennen, Colfax, third. Time, 27 seconds.

Broad jump—Richardson, North Central, first; Morrison, Lewis and Clark, second; White, Lewis and Clark, third. Distance, 21 feet 4½ inches.

Mile—Simpkins, North Central, and Schmidt, Walla Walla, tied for first; Hutsell, Lewis and Clark, third. Time, 4 minutes 46 4/5 seconds.

Relay—North Central (Lower, Zeitler, Swank, Burch) first; Lewis and Clark (Watson, H. Morrison, Meicho, Pratt) second. Time, 1 minute 35 seconds. New record.

THE BASEBALL SERIES

For the first time in the six years of baseball strife between the rival Spokane high schools, Lewis and Clark won the championship, taking three of the four games played. The success of the South Side aggregation was due chiefly to their batting prowess. They displayed an ability to hit when runs were needed, gathering in a total of 50 bingles to 36 for the Red and Black. There was little to choose between the fielding and pitching of the two teams. In the past the series has consisted of seven or nine games, but this year it was decided that the winner should be the team winning three games first.

In spite of the fact that Coach Hawes' pill-slammers only registered one victory, the series was hotly contested, every game being a scrap from start to finish. The North Side students displayed real sportsmanship and supported the team royally. In the last two games the Lewis and Clark yellers were

out-rooted two to one, the crowd boosting the losing team greatly outnumbering their rivals.

The individual champion hitters and their averages are: Skadan, L. C., .556; Daniel, N. C., and Beneke, L. C., .471; Long, L. C., .417; Hall, N. C., .357; and Rouse, N. C., 333.

Those playing in all four games who fielded exceptionally well, not registering an error, are: Hall and Leslie of North Central, and Benek and Meicho of Lewis and Clark.

FIRST GAME, 7 TO 8

After having the opening game practically salted away, "Bones'" bunch lost the battle because of an eighth and ninth inning batting rally that gave the Orange and Black a one-run lead. The score was 7 to 2 in favor of the North Side exponents of the horsehide before the fatal "drive" started. Pitcher Erickson was relieved by Byersdorf, who in turn gave way to Hall.

SECOND EPISODE, 3 TO 6

"Elsie" registered her second victory a week later, the contest being featured by the pitching of Setzer, who was accorded perfect support, and the hitting of "Cop" Daniel. North Central went into the lead in the fourth but lost it again two innings later and could not bunch their hits enough to regain the high score. Erickson and Daniel were the batteries for the Red and Black.

THIRD CANTO, 11 TO 5

With Byersdorf, 14-year-old Freshman at the helm, we handed the Lewis and Clark bunch a crushing defeat in the third struggle for the championship. North Central had a fine crowd out and they yelled themselves hoarse. The South Siders tried both their pitchers but poor support was given them and they could not prevent Coach Hawes' proteges from scoring at will. The opponents staged a rally in the ninth but they were too far in the dust to catch up. Swank, Rendle, and Rouse fielded exceptionally well.

FOURTH SLUGFEST, 6 TO 7

The last game of the series was a nip and tuck fight from the time Umpire Ralph Dodd called "Batter up!" till the last man was out. The contest was held at the Gonzaga stadium and the stands were packed. Lewis and Clark got away with a two-run start and North Central passed her in the third, but lost the lead in the fifth. From that time on not a score was hung up. Captain Hanley almost evened things up in the eighth when he stole third and attempted to swipe the home plate, but was caught by Coach Elder's crew. Skadan of Lewis and Clark was the star, with four hits. Swank and Daniel fielded well. Byersdorf was on the mound for North Central.

BASKETBALL

North Central's basketball team won the championship of the city for the 1917-18 season, playing seven games without a defeat. It was the first basketball team ever turned out by Sam L. Moyer at North Central, and with the aid of Assistant Coach Taylor, he developed a well-balanced aggregation. The squad was light, but it was fast and moved like clockwork, and the old North Central "pep" was ever present.

Captain "Bob" Irvine, who was reelected for another year, is the first North Central basketball captain that has been appointed to succeed himself. Irvine will have an experienced bunch around which to mold his team next year, as only two of the letter men will graduate this year.

Early in the season an inter-class series of 28 games was won by the Senior B's, with seven victories and no defeats.

The summary of North Central's victories for the season follows:

North Central, 24; Gonzaga Preps, 12.
North Central, 43; Spangle, 19.
North Central, 50; Cheney, 27.
North Central, 57; Oroville, 11.
North Central, 34; Spokane "U," 32.
North Central, 40; Post Falls, 18.
North Central, 25; S. A. A. C., 17.
Total—North Central, 273; Opponents, 136.

CROSS COUNTRY

Earl Simpkins, a member of the Sophomore Class, again won the annual cross-country race this year for the championship of North Central. As usual, the event was run over the Corbin Park course, the runners starting and finishing at the Stevens Street entrance of the school. The distance was one and four-fifths miles and the winner's time 9 minutes 13 1/5 seconds.

Simpkins won the race last spring when he was a Freshman and had things pretty much his own way this year, leading the field about 25 yards at the finish.

Twenty of the school's best distance runners competed and the fight was close for second and third places. Art Lamb was second and Willis Clark third. Richard Howerton, Albert Pratt, Leland Daniel, and William Jackson finished in the order named.

FOUR LETTER MEN

Harold Hanley and George Swank enjoy the distinction of being the only four-letter men in North Central this year and incidentally the first since the days of Skadan, Briley, and Abrams.

Hanley led the Red and Black baseball team this spring, holding down first base in big league style. His work as end on the football eleven was always sensational. He proved to be a fast, reliable center when the basket-ball season rolled around and he claims his fourth reward by his pole vaulting ability with Moyer's cinder path athletes. A big hole will be made in North Central's athletic world when Hanley leaves us this year.

Swank was captain of last year's cross-country team and although the team did not win—they finished with honors. In basket-ball, Swank demonstrated his ability at guarding and no forward found him an easy man. Track found George on the job and at Pullman he pulled a second in the 440. Holding down an outer garden position on the baseball team, Swank made several sensational catches, his peg to home being good.

First and last, Swank and Hanley are real athletes and regular fellows.

W Hall
G Swank
C Jennings
W. Rendle
J Rouse
M. Leslie
Byersdorf
H. Hanley
S Adams, Mgr.
Erickson
L Woodrow
"Cop" Daniel
"Bob" Irvine
O. Matlock
E Allen

North Central Defeats Lewis and Clark in Annual Track Meet

An overwhelming defeat was dished out to the track team across the river when they hooked up with North Central in the seventh annual meet for the championship of Spokane. The score was 80 to 51, and 19¼ of these points were captured by Wallace Burch, who was the bright star of the meet.

Although the meet was won by practically the same score as prophesied by dopesters before the contest, the dope was upset in some events. North Central unexpectedly made a clean sweep in the shot put, and LaVelle Shick took the high jump which had been conceded to Eugene White of Lewis and Clark. The South Siders sprung surprises in the high hurdles and broad jump, these being won by Fox and Morrison respectively, of Lewis and Clark. Richardson was off form, losing out to Meicho in the sprints and failing to qualify in the broad jump, his favorite event.

The track was somewhat heavy from rains the day before, and a strong wind was blowing, thus preventing any records from falling in the races. A fair-sized crowd braved the inclement weather and was rewarded with many thrills. Another pennant was added to the collection in Coach Moyer's office when we won the relay, one of the prettiest races ever witnessed in Spokane. North Central has never lost this most coveted event in the seven meets held on Glover Field.

The Summary

50-Yard Dash—Burch, North Central, first; Meicho, Lewis and Clark, second; Watson, Lewis and Clark, third. Time, 5 3/5 seconds.

880-Yard Run—Pratt, Lewis and Clark, first; Kienholz, Lewis and Clark, second; Simpkins, North Central, third. Time, 2:07 2/5.

Pole Vault—Trow and Hanley of North Central tied for first; Tower, Lewis and Clark, third. Height, 10 feet 7 inches.

Shot Put—Schick, first; Brewer, second; Irvine, third; all of North Central. Distance, 38 feet 6 1/2 inches.

100-Yard Dash—Burch, North Central, first; Meicho, Lewis and Clark, second; Richardson, North Central, third. Time, 10 2/5 seconds.

High jump—Schick, North Central, first; Jones, Lewis and Clark, second; Fox, Lewis and Clark, third. Height, 5 feet 5 inches.

High Hurdles—Fox, Lewis and Clark, first; Jones, North Central, second; Davis, North Central, third. Time, 17 3/5 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Burch, North Central, first; Meicho, Lewis and Clark, second; Richardson, North Central, third. Time, 23 2/5 seconds.

Broad Jump—Morrison, Lewis and Clark, first; Burch, North Central, second; Strickler, North Central, third. Distance, 20 feet 4 1/2 inches.

440-Yard Dash—Pratt, Lewis and Clark, first; Kienholz, Lewis and Clark, second; Lower, North Central, third. Time, 53 4/5 seconds.

Discus—Hilliker, North Central, first; Rickert, Lewis and Clark, second; Rouse, North Central, third. Distance, 101 feet 7 inches.

Mile Run—Simpkins, North Central, first; Hutsell, Lewis and Clark, second; Howerton, North Central, third. Time 4:57 4/5.

Javelin—Strickler, North Central, first; Peterson, Lewis and Clark, second; Hilliker, North Central, third. Distance, 142.

Low Hurdles—Davis, North Central, first; Jones, North Central, second; Rubens, Lewis and Clark, third. Time, 28 4/5 seconds.

Relay—North Central (Lower, Zeitler, Swank, Burch), first. Time 2:39 2/5.

WALLACE BURCH

When a lad can step 220 yards in 22 seconds, he isn't stopping to pick any flowers and, added to that, he is tying the inter-scholastic record and coming within three-fifths of a second of the world's record for that distance.

That is the remarkable performance of Wallace Burch, a Junior "A" at North Central. A year ago Burch broke into the "speed game" but was incapacitated in the early part of the season when he "pulled a tendon." This spring he came out strong and had no trouble in winning the three dashes in the Inter-class and Y. M. C. A. meets. At the Inter-scholastic meet at Pullman, May third, Burch showed his heels to the pick of the Inland Empire and also emerged as high point man, getting away with 16¼ points. It was in this meet that he made his brilliant showing in the 220-yard dash.

"Wallie" negotiated the Century dash in 10.2 and the "50" in 5.3, both of which are good high school time. If he happens to be needed for a few extra points, he enters the 440, which he can "cut off" under 52 seconds at any time, or, if he wants something a little easier, he enters the broad jump, in which he can go 20 feet with little effort.

Much is said of Evan Pearson, the sensational North Central sprinter of 1915 and 1916, but here is a lad who has already beaten Pearson's best time in the 220 and bids fair to eclipse his other records as well. Burch is only 17 years old and, with a little more practice, he ought to hang up some records that will be good for several years.

THE ATHLETIC BOARD

The Athletic Board, which has charge of awarding letters and medals and assisting Mr. Moyer in scheduling athletic meets, was composed of the following members during the past semester: Percy Low, "Cop" Daniel, George Swank, and Leon Woodrow, who were elected this spring by popular vote of the school; the captains of the different teams, "Toddles" Rouse, football; "Bob" Irvine, basketball; "Bones" Hanley, baseball; Hubert Jones, track; Willis Clark, cross country; and Wilfred Rendle, tennis; also Stanley Adams and "Bill" Jackson, managers of baseball and track, and Coaches Moyer, Hawes, and Kennedy.

R. Lower
F. ZIETLER
W. Durch
H. Jones
G. Swank
Sam Moyer
D. Richardson
W. Jackson
L. Schick
A. McDonald
L. Daniel
"Pop" Taylor
Gendreau
M. Davis
H. Brazil
E. Simpkins
Lindler
R. Trovv
D. McDonald
E. Williams
R. Duwe
R. Howerton
W. Strickler
H. Hanley
W. Clark
D Harris

THE "THREE TWINS"

"Squads, right! Column, right!"

The sixty odd underclassmen swing into line and wheel like true veterans. Then the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of their feet is heard in time to the march "Frat" that "one uv 'em" plays on the piano.

This is the daily work of two and sometimes three North Central students, captains of the floor work in

ROBERT IRVINE, BERTHA KELLER, AND WALLACE BURCH

the "gym" classes. The students are Bertha ("Bert") Keller, Wallace ("Wallie") Burch, and Robert ("Bob") Irvine.

When A. C. Woodward, former boys' physical director, was offered a position with Uncle Sam last November, the whole burden of coaching four sports and the duties of physical director, besides, devolved upon Football Coach S. L. Moyer. This being about two and a half men's job, it was decided to enlist the aid of "Bob" and "Wallie."

Besides instructing the boys in marching (which is now being emphasized more than before the war), the boys instruct their youthful pupils in the arts of fencing, boxing, dumbbell, and Indian club drills.

"Bert," although competent to handle the whole job of girls' physical director, is not often called upon to do it, as Miss Ardelia Peckham (who belongs to the above title) has a good record for attendance and "Bert" is only needed when she is not "on deck."

"Bert," "Bob," and "Wallie" receive no compensation for their work, but do it "each for the joy of the working."

SPORT CHATTER

By Leland Daniel

In Wallace Burch, North Central has the markings of a second Pearson. He is a hard worker and adheres to training rules.

❖ ❖ ❖

"Bill" Strickler shows promise of developing into a good all-around track man.

❖ ❖ ❖

Dick Howerton should make a great miler. He has a fine stride and lots of endurance.

❖ ❖ ❖

The Junior-Senior volley ball team, captained by Elsie Kitley, won the Vox pennant by defeating the Freshman girls.

❖ ❖ ❖

The Seniors, captain by Merrill Davis, won the indoor and outdoor inter-class track meets. Deane Richardson was star in both.

❖ ❖ ❖

North Central won a track meet from the Y. M. C. A., April 25, by the score of 69 to 57. A number of old North Central men were among the "Y" representatives.

❖ ❖ ❖

The "White Sox," captained by "Todds" Rouse, won the indoor baseball series, taking four games straight.

❖ ❖ ❖

John Zarnekee, with a total of 1760.95 points, won the Freshman strong man contest, this year.

❖ ❖ ❖

North Central will lose five baseball men, ten point winners in the track meet, and three members of the tennis team, before next spring.

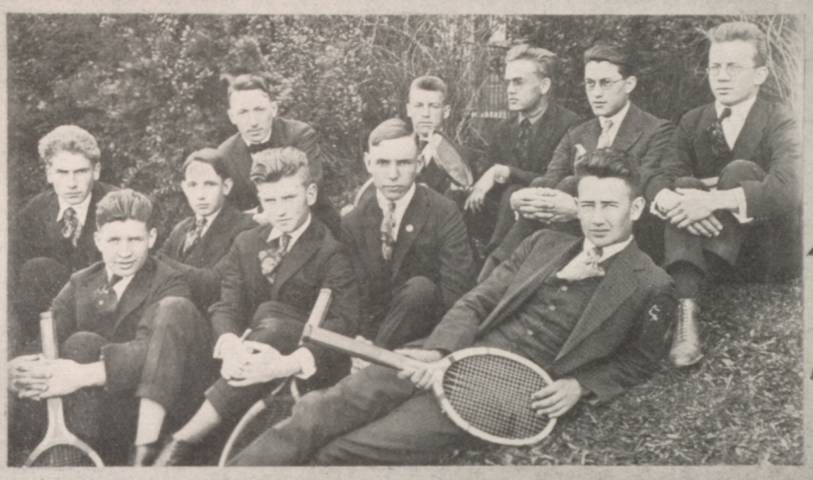
❖ ❖ ❖

The Freshman A's won the annual inter-class track meet for the first year men, this year, by the score of 65½ to 13½. Myron Hanley, Freshman A, was high point winner.

❖ ❖ ❖

A good many athletes will leave school at the present graduation, seventeen members of the class being letter men.

"A STRING OF RACQUETEERS"



1918 TENNIS SQUAD

CROSS COUNTRY

ATHLETIC BOARD

Faculty

R. T. HARGREAVES.....Principal
A. H. BENEFIEL.....Vice-Principal
Miss Cornelia Oerter.....Secretary

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Miss Alice Bechtel
Miss Hazel Blake
Lowell C. Bradford
Miss Emma Clarke
Lewis A. Harding
Miss Louise Paterson
E. J. Prickett
Miss Mabel Sammons
W. J. Sanders
Miss Jeanette Ware

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A. H. Benefiel
J. O. Ecker
Miss Gertrude Kaye
Miss Ida Mosher
Miss Jessie Oldt
M. Coltrap

LANGUAGES

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Miss Alice Borresen
Miss Signe Bostrom
Miss Edith Broomhall
Miss Annette Francisco
Miss Jessie Gibson
Miss Mary Evans

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A. W. Endslow
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H. F. Holcombe
R. S. Sanborn
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Roy Rhodes
M. C. Smith
D. J. Missimer

FINE ARTS

Miss Lillian Stowell
Miss Caroline Riker

PHYSICAL TRAINING

S. L. Moyer
Miss Ardelia Peckham

MUSIC

C. Olin Rice

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PUBLIC SPEAKING

Miss Marguerite Motie

BOOK CUSTODIAN

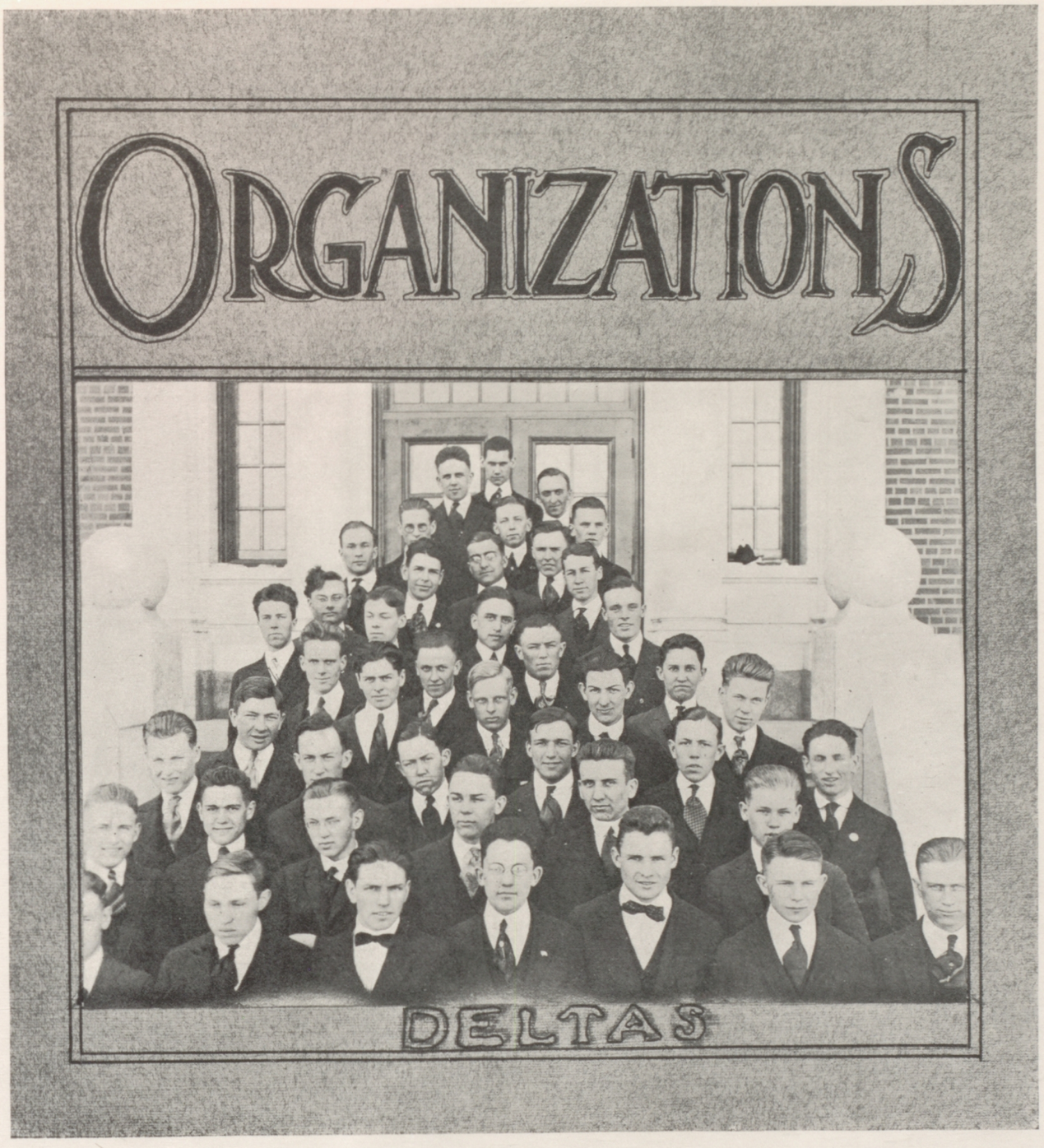
Miss Erma Bean

VOCATIONAL DIRECTOR

Miss Ida May Wilson

STUDY HALL DIRECTOR

Mrs. Hortense Edwards



A Live Wire Organization

The Delta Club composed of fifty boys of North Central are proud of their achievements this semester. The club principles, which are clean speech, clean living, and clean athletics, are worthy of any school organization.

The Deltas meet in the parlors of the Y. M. C. A. every Tuesday evening. A good speaker is usually provided, who gives an interesting and helpful talk.

The Deltas have over sixty names on their honor roll, many of the boys now being in France.

The officers of the club are as follows: Harold Hanley, Grand-master; Robert Irvine, Junior Grand-master; Wayne Hall, Scribe; and Harry Shoemaker, Exchequer.

S.P.Q.R. Club
Engineering Society
Die Germanistische Gesellschaft

°Sphinx Club°
°Glee Club°
°Kodak Club°

Commercial Club
Grub Street Club

°Chemistry Club°
°Masque Society°
°Art Club°

°Spanish Club°
°Vox Puellarum°
°Sans Souci°

S. P. Q. R.

With the help of the Latin classes, the S. P. Q. R. started a series of charts which make use of cartoons, advertisements, and other material to show the close relationship between Latin and English. These charts were used in class work and for exhibition whenever occasion afforded.

During Easter vacation a luncheon was given at the Davenport under the auspices of the Classical Association of the Pacific Northwest. Two representatives were present from the classical clubs of Whitworth College, Lewis and Clark and North Central high schools.

Those holding office during the past semester were: Veva Miller, president; La Velle Schick, vice-president; Joseph Tewinkle, secretary; Norma Shields, treasurer; and Louise Walker, corresponding secretary.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY

These are practical times. The great world struggle, the magnitude of which is almost beyond human comprehension, claims the attention of every American citizen.

The Engineering society turned from its usual program this year and studied the sciences which are connected with the war. Outside speakers have given helpful talks in helping the members to understand modern warfare.

The club also visited the Davenport Hotel, the Great Northern shops, the Portland Cement plant, and the paper mill at Millwood. The following members hold offices: Harry Shoemaker, president; Stanley Adams, vice-president; Hubert Jones, secretary and treasurer.

THE GERMAN CLUB

The Germanistiche Gesellschaft, one of the active clubs of the school, has also been doing its "bit" The annual entertainment has been given up for this year, and the club has devoted its time to Red Cross work. The girls have knitted many articles, including sweaters, socks, helmets, and wristlets. These articles were sent to the former members who are in the service of their country. The club officers are: Avis Campbell, president; Dorothy Olmstead, vice-president; Meta Klemz, secretary; Ben Ruehl, treasurer; Barbara Meikle, reporter.

When the United States entered the war the German Club at North Central began to feel "unnecessary," and a good deal of dissatisfaction was felt, both by the members and those outside of the organization. At a recent meeting the members decided to change the name and purpose of the society. The following purposes were adopted:

The club shall have a historic purpose.

Many historic documents shall be kept on file.

A card catalogue of all North Central boys in the Service will be kept, and letters from the soldiers which may be of value after the war, will also be filed.

A committee of three has been appointed to interview Principal R. T. Hargreaves regarding other future plans. The subject of a new name will doubtless come up presently.

THE SPHINX CLUB

The Sphinx is a club with a purpose. It aims, primarily, to stimulate interest and train boys in debate and oratory. The secondary object is to create a companionship among the boys and give them proper entertainment.

The achievements of the club are sufficient proof of its success. During its three years of existence all the debate teams representing North Central were Sphinxers. Few of these debaters had experience previous to their membership, but the training the club afforded them and the opportunities it gave in the way of public speaking classes fitted the boys for their work. Every oratorical contest in which there were boys had a representative from the Sphinx Club. The Sphinx members have been the backbone of the boys' representation in both debate and oratory.

To some such an object would seem dry and uninteresting, but it must be remembered that it is only such duties as are exacting that give true value to both the student and the school. Our other object serves to keep the interest. Few clubs have so interesting evening meetings as the Sphinx, because the talent is not all one-sided. The Sphinx Club is also well represented in many other activities in the school.

THE GLEE CLUB

The North Central High School Glee Club, under the direction of C. Olin Rice, has been heard many times during the past school year, and has always performed creditably. Throughout the year a full membership has been maintained, as the vacancies were filled as quickly as they were made.

The club consists of forty members, which include: ten sopranos, ten tenors, ten bases, and ten altos. Katherine Peterson is president; John Bulmer, vice-president; and Lucile Hone, secretary and treasurer.

THE KODAK CLUB

The North Central Kodak Club seems to obtain pictures of various students in a mysterious and quiet way, and from the smiles and remarks made, the students evidently enjoy seeing their "reflexion" on exhibit in the kodak cabinet.

The club members heard some interesting lectures on the camera and picture work besides "hiking" through the Down River Park Drive for photographic purposes during the past semester.

The Kodak Club also had charge of the "drive" for the local Red Cross Shop that was conducted throughout the school.

The following students held office at the close of school: Albert Arend, president; Lucile Chapman, vice-president; Olive Leiser, secretary; Ruth Erickson, corresponding secretary; and Florence Bassett, treasurer.

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB

The past year has been the most active in the history of the Commercial Club. Two typewriting contests have been successfully staged, but the results of the last one have not as yet been ascertained.

The monthly meetings which have been held at the homes of the various members proved to be a source of pleasure and instruction, as interesting talks on commercial subjects were given.

As a windup for a successful year, the club enjoyed an all-day picnic at Loon Lake on Decoration Day, May 30.

The officers for the past year were: Claude Ammerman, president; Ed Perry, vice-president; Meta Glemz, secretary; Duane Shinn, treasurer; Anna Jordan, reporter; and Carl Hanneman, sergeant-at-arms.

GRUB STREETERS

The Grub Street Club, as the second year of its career draws to a close, has come to be recognized throughout the school, especially in literary circles, as one of the live-wire organizations of North Central.

The main object of the society, which consists of twenty-five earnest boys, is to encourage and develop the creative literary talent, so that their work will approach in merit, at least to some extent, the writings of the original "Grubstreeter." The members of the club are identified with practically every literary and debating activity within the school.

Another important object is to broaden the scope of their work by securing interesting and instructive speakers to talk at the meetings. During the year such men as Stoddard King, Dr. T. M. Ahlquist, Dr. Thomas Cahill, and other prominent citizens have addressed the club on live subjects of interest to boys.

Eight old members will receive diplomas this week, and, as they leave, with them will go the organizer, faculty member, and best friend of the club, L. W. Sawtelle, who has requested leave of absence on account of poor health. He has been an ever-present adviser, helper, and all-round good mixer, and his loss will be deeply felt.

The officers of the society during the past semester were as follows: Walter Blair, president; William Briscoe, vice-president; Worth Jones, recording secretary; Donald Rule, treasurer; Leland Daniel, corresponding secretary; and Harold Eby, reporter.

MATHEMATICS CLUB

High up in the list of school clubs stands the Mathematics Club composed of the best mathematicians in the school. To be eligible for membership one must have a grade of "B" or better for three semesters' work in Algebra or Geometry.

Two social meetings were held this term, at which time the new members passed through many trying ordeals. Business meetings were held every two weeks. At these the following subjects were discussed: "The Value of Mathematics," "Use of Mathematics in Household Affairs," and "Mathematic Requirements in College."

The officers were as follows: Bessie Mendham, president; John Hutchins, vice-president; Katherine McPherson, secretary; and Gladys Miller, treasurer.

THE CHEMISTRY CLUB

In the fall of 1916 the Chemistry students of North Central High School, together with the assistance of Ira C. Davis, organized a lively business-attending group of students. These students collectively called themselves "The Chemistry Club." The purpose of this club is to promote the general interest of Chemistry in the school. One of its aims is to publish a chemistry book written by the members of the club. The book is being so arranged that it may easily and quickly be used for research work. After its completion, it will be bound and placed on the shelves of the new library for the benefit of future classes.

In the fall of 1917, W. R. Tydeman became the faculty director of this organization, and new members were taken in. A constitution was drawn up and officers were elected.

The officers for the past semester were: Dorothea Klein, president; Zola Patton, vice-president; Mabel Quass, secretary; and Merrill Davis, treasurer.

THE MASQUE SOCIETY

The year, 1918, has been a most successful and happy one for the Masque. Besides giving many programs before the school, the Masque presented "Fanny and the Servant Problem," a comedy by Jerome K. Jerome, on April 19. It was a notable success.

The Masque is proud of the business administration carried on by the following officers: Harold McLaren, president; Laura Bullivant, vice-president; Leone Webber, recording secretary; Robert Irvine, treasurer; Virginia Ellis, corresponding secretary; and Alice Quigley, reporter.

The Masque is also proud of the spirit of the club, thanks to the efforts of our director, Miss Marguerite Motie. It realizes that, although the Masque is primarily a dramatic club, to live it must have an efficient business administration. Such an administration has been achieved during the past semester.

THE ART CLUB

The Art Club organized by Miss Lillian Stowell, instructor in art, promises to be one of the leading clubs of the school. Its aim is to promote the interest of art in North Central.

The organization, which consists of thirty-seven members, meets on the first and third Fridays of each month. Once a month a social meeting is held at the home of one of the members.

The following officers were elected: Bessie Curtis, president; John Lawson, vice-president; Jessica Moriarity, secretary; Esther Riggs, corresponding secretary; Frances Premo, treasurer; and Allene Ireland, reporter.

"LA TERTULIA"—SPANISH CLUB

The chief work of the Spanish Club for the semester has been its war work, notably its drive for the purpose of securing books for the boys in the camps. Besides this, the club has subscribed for a Spanish paper, "El Heraldo," which it is sending to a soldier in one of the Canadian hospitals for soldiers who have contracted tuberculosis while in the trenches.

The regular social meetings were given at the homes of the dfferent members. A variety of programs has been given, ranging from parliamentary law drills in Spanish to concerts by impromptu "jazz" orchestras. The following new members were elected: Joseph Frazelle, Lorin Woods, Orville Roberts, and Clarence Nickerson.

At the last meeting of the club for the fall semester, the following officers were elected: Elliott Tarbell, president; Lois Allen, vice-president; Rachel Davis, secretary; Lorin Markham, treasurer; and Olive Johnson, reporter.

THE VOX PUELLARUM

The Vox Puellarum Club of the school has been doing its "bit" this term. Although it is primarily a girls' literary society, it has taken a large part in present school activities. A great deal of the Red Cross sewing has been done by the Vox girls.

They also took part in the Delta High Jinks, which was given by the Deltas, April 26. The Vox Tea this year was one of the "Allied Nations." Last year it was a Patriotic Tea.

Officers for this semester are: Nadine Sims, president; Josephine Vincent, vice-president; Bertha Keller, treasurer; Barbara Meikle, corresponding secretary; and Geraldine Moore, secretary.

SANS SOUCI

The Sans Souci's ship of state set forth on its spring cruise of 1918 with fair weather and a goodly crew. The noble craft proceeded with Miss Alice Borresen as its able pilot, Lydia Young as captain, Isabel Neffler as first mate, Helen Brown as purser, Gladys Miller as guardian of the log-book, and Ellen Anderson as wireless operator, whose duties were to inform the outside world of what was happening aboard ship.

But alas! The dark war clouds threatened the vessel's safety and in a mighty tempest the valliant little pilot was swept overboard. For a while the ship was tossed in the waves, but speedily an "SOS" was sent to North Central. Immediately the pilot was replaced by another, who, though of small stature, was of great efficiency, Miss Signe Bostrom. The ship righted itself and sailed on into a clear future, ably piloted through calm seas and favored by soft winds.

Class Roster

SENIOR B

William Ross	President
Virginia Ellis	Vice-President
Ed Perry	Secretary
Frances McKay	Treasurer
Lelia Mason	Sergeant-at-Arms
William Godefroy	Reporter
Leland Upton	Yell Leader

JUNIOR A

Elwin Daniel	President
Maude Russell	Vice-President
Floy Jeffries	Secretary
Arno Hammer	Treasurer
Wayne Hall	Sergeant-at-Arms
Dora Marshall	Reporter
Arno Hammer	Yell Leader

JUNIOR B

Geraldine Moore	President
Tom Reed	Vice-President
Crystal Reeves	Secretary
Jack Dodd	Treasurer
William Grieve	Sergeant-at-Arms
Bertha Keller	Reporter
Alden McMaster	Yell Leader

SOPHOMORE A

Paul McMaster	President
Ward Parker	Vice-President
Doris Layman	Secretary
May Lantzy	Treasurer
Esther Riggs	Reporter
Paul McMaster	Yell Leader

SOPHOMORE B

Albert Collins	President
Gilbert Bean	Vice-President
Bertha Fitzsimmons	Secretary
Lavora Anders	Treasurer
Henry Burchum	Yell Leader

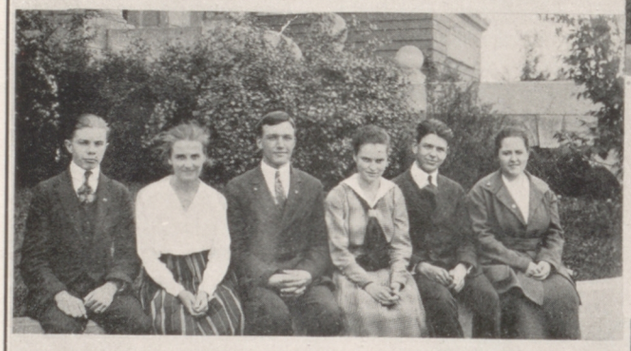
FRESHMAN A

Howard Pollock	President
Herman Swanson	Vice-President
Erna Nelson	Secretary
Herndon McKay	Treasurer
Fred McReynolds	Sergeant-at-Arms
Lucile Stone	Reporter
Gerald McKinney	Yell Leader

CLASS OFFICERS

SENIOR B

JUNIOR A

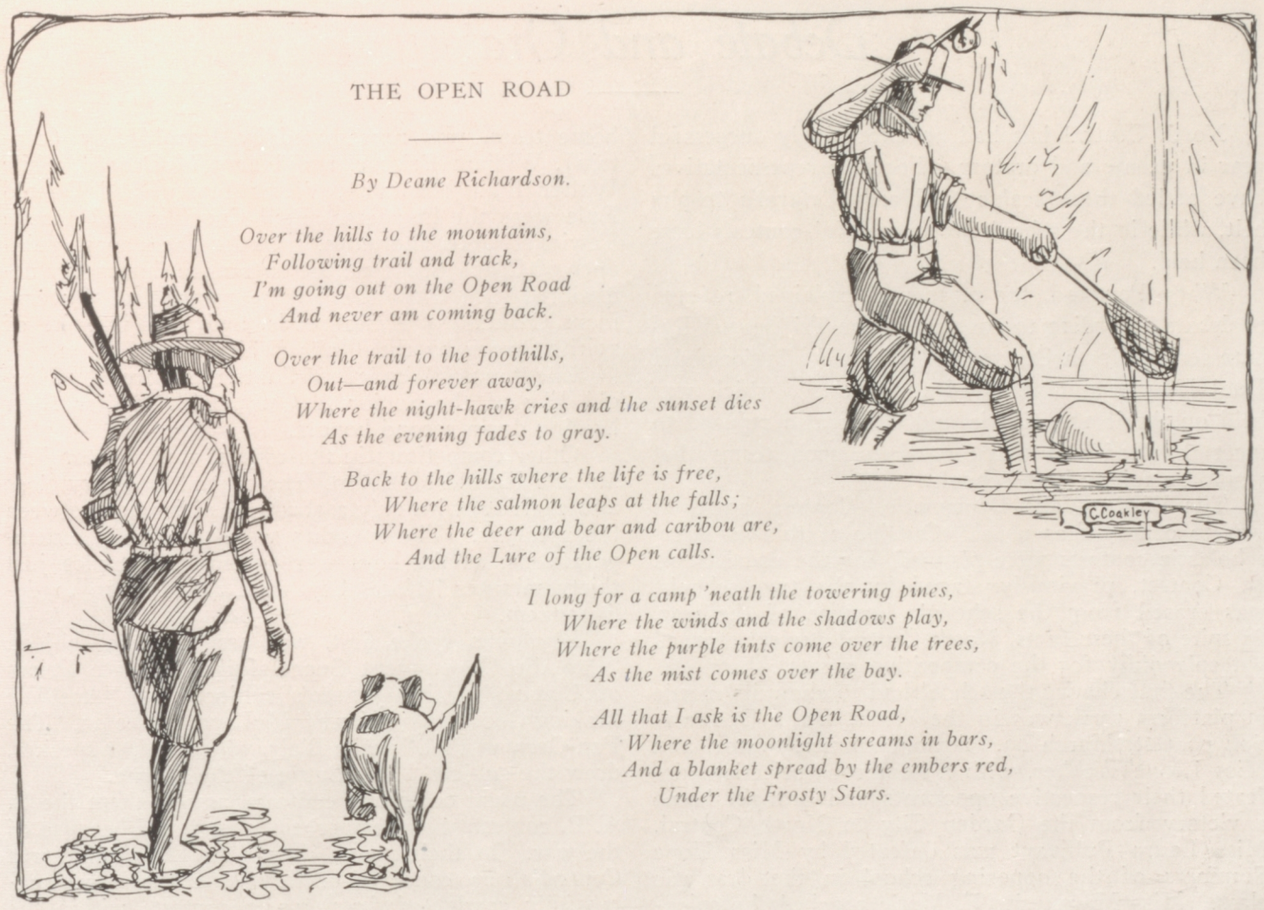


JUNIOR B

SOPHOMORE A

SOPHOMORE B

FRESHMAN A



THE OPEN ROAD

By Deane Richardson.

Over the hills to the mountains,
Following trail and track,
I'm going out on the Open Road
And never am coming back.

Over the trail to the foothills,
Out—and forever away,
Where the night-hawk cries and the sunset dies
As the evening fades to gray.

Back to the hills where the life is free,
Where the salmon leaps at the falls;
Where the deer and bear and caribou are,
And the Lure of the Open calls.

I long for a camp 'neath the towering pines,
Where the winds and the shadows play,
Where the purple tints come over the trees,
As the mist comes over the bay.

All that I ask is the Open Road,
Where the moonlight streams in bars,
And a blanket spread by the embers red,
Under the Frosty Stars.

THE MAGIC OF NIGHT

By Margarette Woodland.

When the moon of the night sheds her soft, silv'ry light
On the brook, as it ripples and flows;
Then, O then, heart of mine, 'neath the murmuring pine,
Thou'lt forget all thy longings and woes.

When the whispering breeze sends a sigh through the trees
When it kisses the feverish brow;
'Twill be easy to pray, for the cares of the day
Will have flown, and thou'lt never know how.

For the night's magic spell seems to whisper, "All's well!"
And the brook at thy feet seems to say,
"Follow on, as I do, in the path made for you,
And be happy and glad all the way."

A SMILE AND A SOB

By Walter Blair.

Give us a sob and give us a smile,
There is poetry,
A sensing of the world of now,
The world and you and me.

There is a sun and it sends bright light,
But shadows abound;
With every joy of any depth,
Some old sorrow may be found.

But write us a poem just the same,
We may smile;
And then perhaps the sobs will strike
A chord of love once in awhile.

OVER THERE

By Marvin O. Anderberg.

Over there—with the whir of machine guns,
Over there—in the land of the tanks,
Over there—with the blast of the cannon,
Our schoolmates are filling the ranks.

Over there—in the mud of the trench,
Over there—behind tangled barbed wire,
Over there—side by side with the French,
Our classmates are facing the fire.

Debate and Oratory

North Central has had an exceedingly successful year in debate and oratory. Forensic representatives have added three scalps to North Central's trophy belt, while in the school two successful contests have been held.

When Portland, for reasons unexplained, refused to debate according to contract in the Tri-League Debate series, North Central and Walla Walla formed a Dual League and prepared for a clash, which was held on April 12. Lewis and Clark also refused to meet the Red and Black speakers upon terms that would be fair to both schools.

The Walla Walla Declamation Contest, however, was to come off as usual. Outside of this no interscholastic contests were planned, for the usual S. A. R. Contest, previously staged by the two schools, was erased from the schedule because of the war. In spite of these facts, North Central students turned out splendidly for the competitive events.

The first chance the school had to show its mettle in platform work was in the Walla Walla Declamation contest, March 29. Arno Hammer, orator, and Miss Leone Webber, with a humorous selection, defeated their respective opponents and brought home a victory from the Garden City to North Central. Miss Laura Bullivant was defeated by Miss Hope Summers of the opposing school in the dramatic class. Miss Marguerite E. Motie coached the splendid team under the Red and Black.

The speaker sof both schools and titles of their selections follow:

Oratorical: "The War Cloud," Newman Clark; "Duties of Citizenship," Arno Hammer.

Dramatic: "The Soldier of the Empire," Hope Summers; "The Lost Word," Laura Bullivant.

Humorous: "Bud's Fairy Tale," Geraldine Dunham; "Increased Efficiency," Leone Webber.

North Central won a sweeping victory over Walla Walla in the Dual Debate series, as she won both debates by a unanimous decision. The affirmative, or home team, was represented by Harold Eby (captain), William Briscoe, and Harry McDonald, while Walter Blair (captain), Victor Jensen, and Donald Rule were the invaders. Paul Coughlin and Joseph Tewinkel were alternates. Under the expert guidance of Coach Bradford the boys were thoroughly acquainted with both sides of the question of Government Ownership of Railroads, and won in spite of spirited work by the Walla Walla teams.

The Annual Wranglers' Contest was won by Harold Eby of the Senior A Class, with Walter Blair holding down second honors.

Other competitors in the contest were Victor Jensen and Harold McLaren. The contest was very close and exciting, with only a shade of difference between the speakers. The speeches were practically extemporaneous, as the boys were given their topics just thirty minutes before they were called upon to deliver them.

Eby, who spoke first, was assigned the subject, "Can the Government Successfully Regulate Prices of Commodities?" Jensen's subject was, "Are We Making Good in Aviation?" McLaren spoke on, "The Pan-German Plot," while Blair, who was last speaker, drew the subject, "The Battle of the Marne."

The usual oratorical contests, among them the S. A. R. contest, were temporarily abandoned because of the war. In their places, Lewis A. Harding, North Central's new coach of oratory, substituted two successfully conducted forensic contests within the school. The first, open to Freshmen, was won by Del Carey Smith, Jr., and Paul Coughlin, who took first and second prizes, respectively. The second, the Franklin Oratorical contest, for Juniors and Sophomores, was held April 26. Joseph Tewinkel won first prize with the subject, "The Menace of German Propaganda." Second place went to Alden McMaster, who spoke on, "Labor and Democracy." Mr. Harding announces himself as well pleased with the results obtained along oratorical lines during the year and hopes for an enlargement of the field of activity next semester.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM

By Raphael Budwin.

Always in dreams do I see her,
Just as she used to be,
Back in the days of my childhood,
But still in my memory.

Each night I fancy I see her,
Home, in the cot o'er the sea;
Ever the same in my dreaming,
Yet fair in my memory.

Tonight, more clearly I see her;
More real she appears to be;
Ever the same is my mother,
And fair in my memory.

THE LAND OF THE AFTERWHILE

By Deane Richardson.

I.

I know a place where the fairies dwell,
In the land of the Afterwhiles
(Which if you look in a fairy-tale book),
Is the Realm of Eternal Smiles.

II.

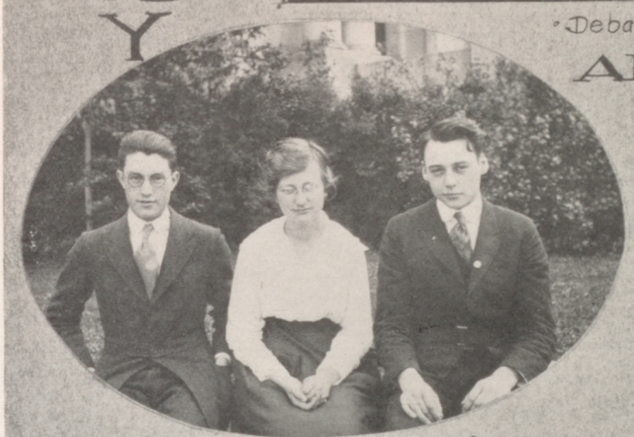
It's 'way deep down in a shady dell
Where the ferns and the mosses blow,
Where the willows sway as the breezes play,
And the rippling waters flows.

III.

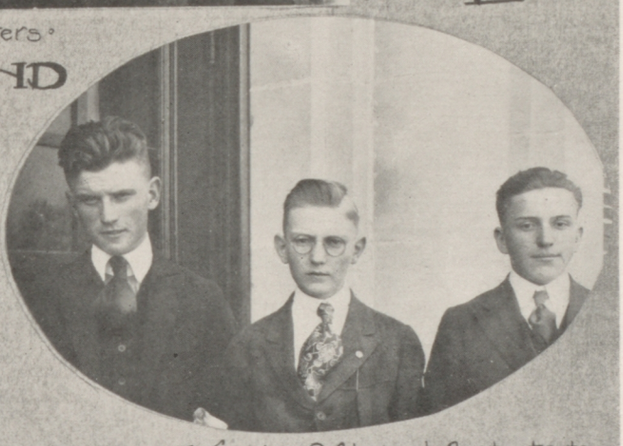
So when you go you will find it there,
Away on the Blessed Isles,
In the purple haze of the summer days,
In the land of the Afterwhiles.

ORATORY AND DEBATE

Debaters



Senior Class Orators



Franklin Oratorical Contestants

Wranglers

Lewis A. Harding

Lowell Bradford

Walla Walla Declamation Contestants

BISHOP PAGE DELIVERS BACCALAUREATE

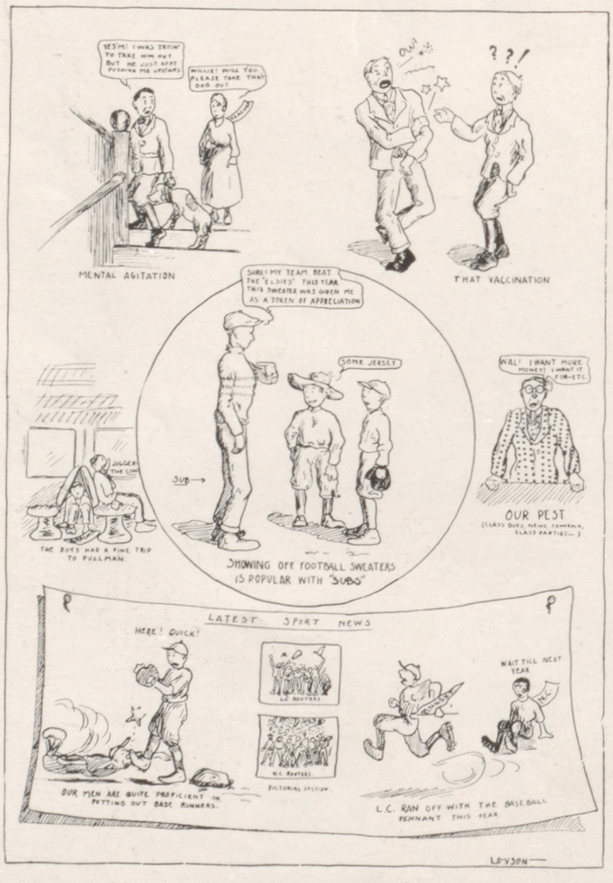
Right Reverend Herman Page, of the Spokane Episcopal Diocese, delivered the Baccalaureate address to the members of the graduating class, Sunday, June 2, 1918. His remarks were timely and full of suggestion and inspiration to the departing Seniors.

EIGHT HUNDRED GIRLS PARADE

Eight hundred girls from North Central were requested to march in the Red Cross parade which marked the opening of the second Red Cross Drive.

They responded enthusiastically, and, stretched for three blocks, forming a miniature parade in themselves. First came Old Glory, followed by the band in their red coats and white trousers, which carried out the color scheme of the Red Cross. The float was very attractive and after it came the service flag, carried by sixteen Senior A girls who had not the right to wear a personal service flag. The Service Squad, consisting of "sisters," preceded the faculty, who marched like veterans. The rest of the girls in school then came along.

Two soldiers who stood near Hargreaves remarked as the North Central division hove in sight, "By golly, that's the only *real marching* that's been done!" And many others agreed.



GIRLS' LEAGUE ELECTS OFFICERS

The officers of the Girls' League for the coming semester were elected, May 24. Genevieve Moore succeeds Josephine Vincent as president, while Lucille Hone is her own successor as vice-president. Vera Marshall was chosen secretary, succeeding Meta Klemz. Bertha Keller, the "peppy" treasurer, was re-elected.

The work of the league is bound to progress under the leadership of these girls and the splendid guidance of our faculty directors.

TENNIS IS NOT POPULAR

The fifth interscholastic tennis tournament between the two high schools was won this year by the South Side team. Our boys put all they had into the game but their comparative inexperience was evident and all seven matches went to the players from the other side, where tennis and golf are the chief form of amusement and excitement. A ranking tournament open to all North Central boys was held prior to the championship clash, but only a few players turned out.

The results of the tournament matches are:

Jack Wright defeated Will Rendle, 6-0, 6-2.

Webster defeated Walter Dryden, 6-1, 6-1.

George Mazna defeated Raphael Budwin, 6-1, 6-1.

Darwin Boock defeated Harold McLaren, 6-4, 6-1.

Anderson defeated Saffle, 6-2, 6-2.

Boock and Anderson defeated Dryden and Mc- 6-4, 6-1.

Mazna and Wright defeated Rendle and Budwin, 6-0, 6-4.

GIRLS' TENNIS TOURNAMENT

Forty-four "co-eds" took part in the girls' tennis tournament held this spring, which was won by Mary Porter ,who defeated her sister, Katherine Porter, in the final match by the score of 6-4, 7-5. Both the Porter girls will be awarded athletic letters by Principal Hargreaves. The results of the girls' doubles were not in at the time "The Tamarack" went to press, but the team comprised of Katherine and Mary Porter seemed to have an edge on the rest of the field. Geraldine Moore and Miriam Tannatt also formed a well-balanced team.

A girls' tennis club was organized this year under the supervision of Miss Annette Francisco, and the names of ninety girls were placed on the rolls. The following were elected officers: Geraldine Moore, president; Ruth Hubbell, secretary and treasurer; Bertha Keller, Miriam Tannatt, Geraldine Maxwell, and Beryl Williams, referees.

NORTH CENTRAL TRACK RECORDS

Event	*Holder*	*Time*	*Year*
50 Yard Dash	Pearson, Burch	5 :2-5	1915-18
100 Yard Dash	Pearson	9 :4-5	1916
220 Yard Dash	Burch	22 :	1918
440 Yard Dash	Morse	52 :	1915
880 Yard Run	Davies	2 :05	1913
Mile Run	Simpkins	4 :46 4-5	1918
Discus	W. Anderson	108 ft. 2½ in.	1913
220 Yd. Hurdles	Knight	25 :4-5	1913
High Jump	Roberts	5 ft. 5½ in.	1917
Broad Jump	Richardson	21 ft. 4½ in.	1918
120 Yd. Hurdles	Truesdale	16 :4-5	1913
Javelin	Bullivant	160 ft. 2 in.	1915
Pole Vault (Tied)	Hanley, Trow	11 ft.	1918
Half Mile Relay	Lower, Zeitler, Swank, Burch	1 :35	1918
Mile Relay	Pearson, Knight, Davies, Matters	3 :39	1913

CAST FOR "A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE"

GIRLS' INDOOR BASE-BALL TEAM

COMPLETED COURSE IN LESS THAN FOUR YEARS

THE BAND AND ICE CREAM

To begin with, it was the fault of Bobbie's insatiable partiality to ice cream. Bobbie Kindschy is a likeable chap and plays 3d baritone or tenor, or something, in the band. But he will eat ice-cream.

When he heard that the band was to play for a Red Cross ice-cream social, he merely said, "I'll be there," but to himself he thanked his stars that he was the proud possessor of a red coat and cap.

He was on hand at seven o'clock at the appointed place, wearing the eager and expectant look of a convict who is to receive his freedom in about two hours.

The ice-cream headquarters were reached in due time, and the band formed in a circle, preparatory to playing. "I want some ice-cream first," said Bobbie. "You have to pay for it," came the quick answer. Bobbie then threw precaution to the winds, and forgetting thaat it was insanity to flash real money before the band, pulled out a large silver quarter.

When the pile of red coats and kicking legs were untangled, it was not Bobbie nor the quarter which was at the bottom of the pile, but Bobbie's horn. It was no longer the bright and clean instrument which Bobbie had so proudly displayed as "Made in France," but a sadly dented and battered piece of metal. Bobbie hates ice-cream now.

INDOOR SPORTS

By Leland Daniel

Trying to look innocent after dropping a valuable instrument in chemistry class.

* * *

Rehearsing the graduating exercises.

* * *

Receiving your diploma as if you were used to it.

* * *

Trying to keep your knees from wobbling while receiving it.

* * *

Watching Mr. Hargreaves in convocation, so you will know when to laugh.

* * *

Faking a laugh when they "slam" you in the class will.

* * *

Experiencing "that funny feeling" just before the big track meet.

* * *

Doing the five flights of stairs from the locker room to 305 in ten flat.

* * *

Watching the "Freshies" get bawled out by the hall committee for throwing pie.

* * *

Trying to make yourself believe it's 12 o'clock, when the sun says it's only 11.

TO THE GIRLS

To the Girls of Old North Central,
Ever faithful, ever true,
You whose spirit never falters
In whatever you may do;
Through your days of ceaseless labor
You have earned an honor due;
So in gratitude we dedicate
This little book to you.

—*D. R.*

"REMARKS"

L. and C. claims to have an edge on us this year in athletics, having been victor in three out of five branches of sport. Two of her victories, however, are in what are generally considered minor sports—tennis and cross country. The "Elsies" ought to win something, just "semi-occasionally."

* * *

L. and C. refused to meet us in basketball this year on account of lack of gymnasium facilities, while North Central romped away with the championship of the city, defeating everything in sight.

* * *

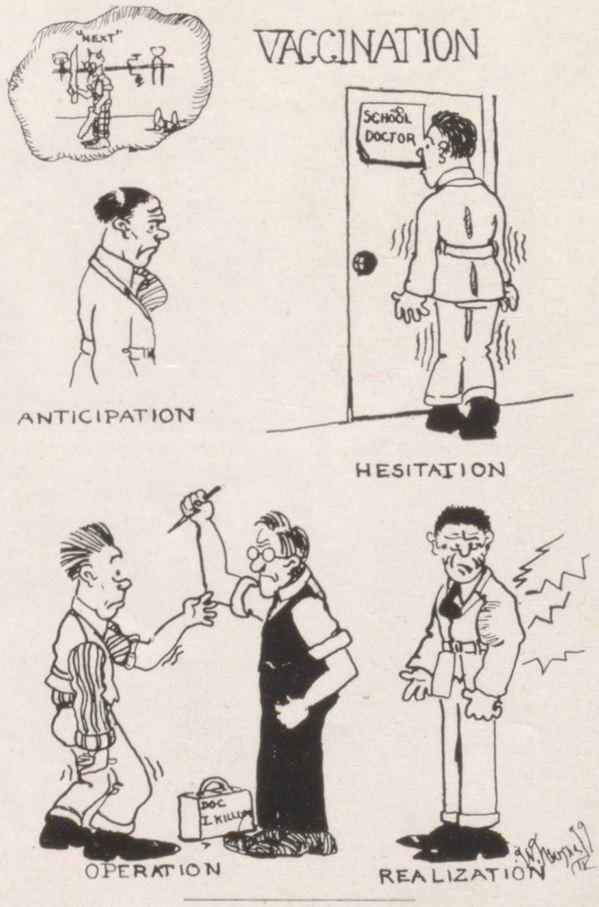
Tennis seems to be losing in popularity in this section of the country. Some sport followers maintain that the golf bug has affected a number of players.

* * *

An unusually large track squad turned out this year and worked hard and developed into perhaps the best balanced team in the history of the school.

* * *

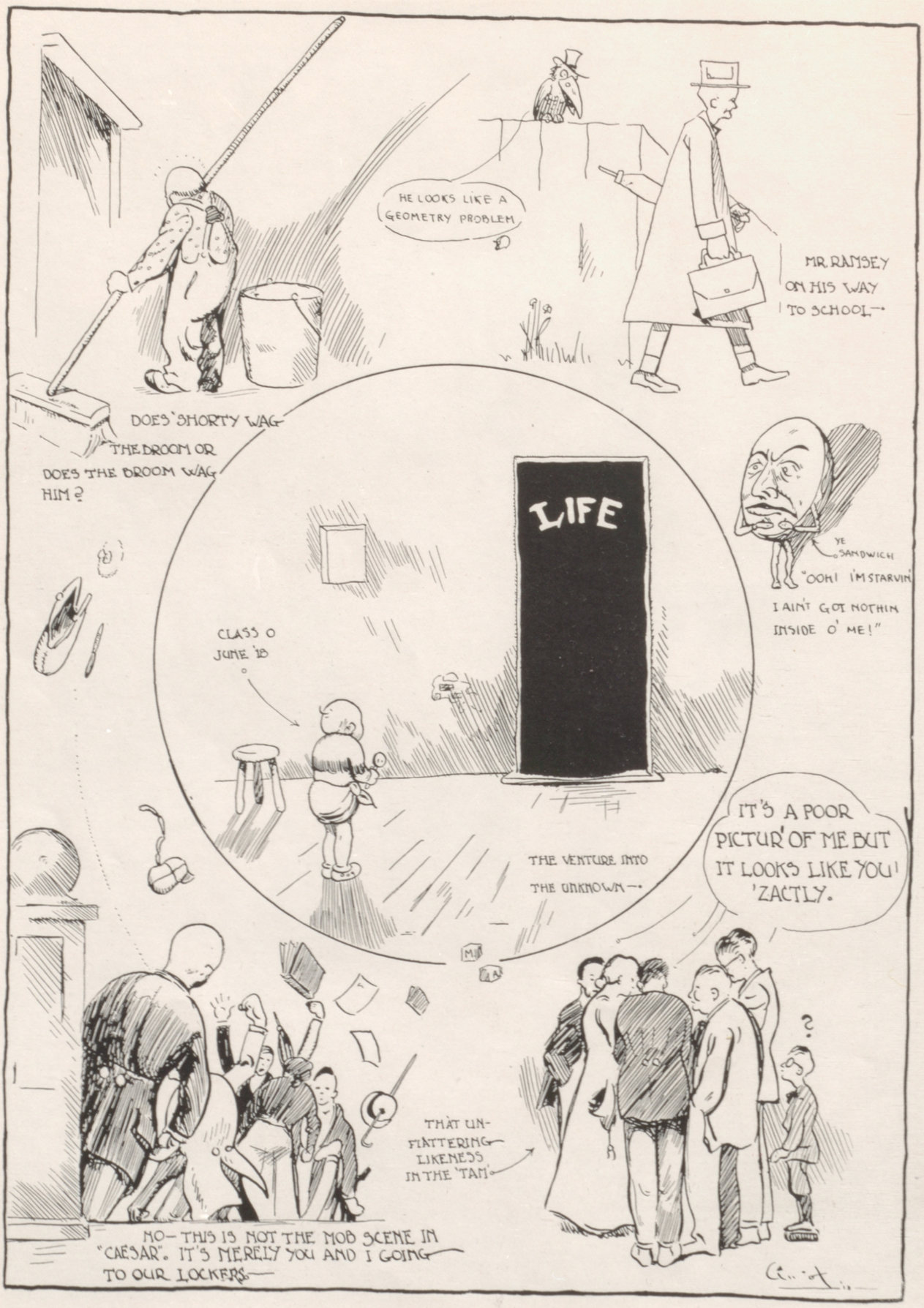
Assistant Coach J. Wessley Taylor deserves a lot of credit for our success in track this year. He was always willing to help the boys, and those who know him have voted him to be "a regular fellow."

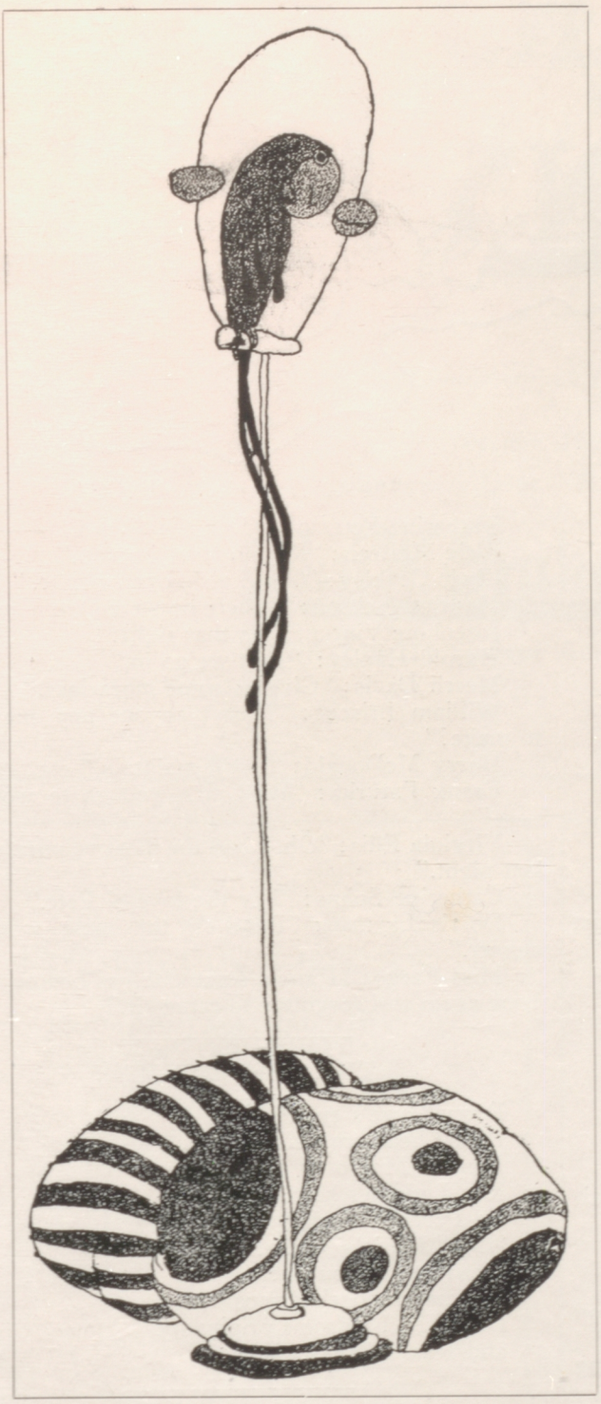


Joseph Tewinkel (to Mr. Tydeman, discovered at the library with Miss ————): "You could have bought four-fifths of a thrift stamp with what you spent for car fare."

Mr. T.: "Oh, that's all right; I walked her both ways."

A "Case"
"Finn"
"Twins"
"Hot Air"
Cupid's Victim
"Pete"
"Locomotive"
"Camouflaurs"
Dawgone IT!
"Reg"
"Fair" Rooters -
"Mac"
SKOOL
Serious "Hal"
STUPH
"J.O.E."
"Over The Top"
"Tennis Edmunds"


HE LOOKS LIKE A GEOMETRY PROBLEM
MR. RAMSEY ON HIS WAY TO SCHOOL—
DOES 'SHORTY WAG THE BROOM OR DOES THE BROOM WAG HIM?
LIFE
CLASS O JUNE '18
THE VENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN—
YE SANDWICH
"OOH! I'M STARVIN' I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN INSIDE O' ME!"
IT'S A POOR PICTUR' OF ME BUT IT LOOKS LIKE YOU! 'ZACTLY.
THAT UN-FLATTERING LIKENESS IN THE 'TAM'
NO— THIS IS NOT THE MOB SCENE IN "CAESAR". IT'S MERELY YOU AND I GOING TO OUR LOCKERS—



FREE ALTERATIONS

PARROT ORIGINALITY

Is not original in any respect--- but is only an imitator of others.

Smartly dressed women demand originality and exclusiveness at moderate prices.

YOU WILL ALWAYS

Be able to find "that something different" at WEISER'S

FOR

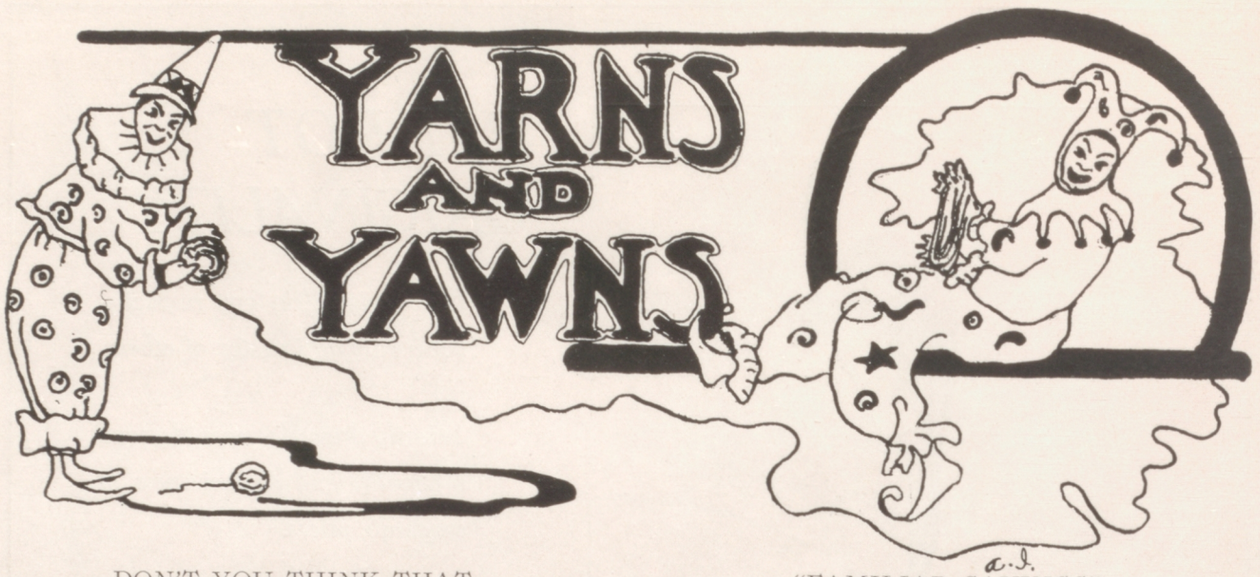
We Cater to the Misses and Small Women.

WEISER'S

SPOKANE. WASH.

3rd Floor. Title Bldg.

Sprague at Wall, Sprague Entrance.



DON'T YOU THINK THAT—

Katherine P. looks like Vivian Martin?
Anna Jordan looks like Theda Bara?
Treacy D. looks like Fatty Arbuckle?
Alice Quigley looks like Norma Talmadge?
Lucile Swanson looks like Lil Gish?
Russ Dickson looks like Dick Travers?
Horace Stauffer looks like Charlie Chaplin?
Helen Miller looks like Katherine Williams?
Doris Layman looks like Margarita Fisher?
Merrill Davis looks like Maurice Costello?
Lelia Mason looks like Marguerite Courtot?
Lillian Gaitskill looks like Joan Sothern?
Dick Cheatham looks like Bryant Washburn?
Mr. Tydeman looks like Charles Ray?
Mr. Ramsey looks like Bill Hart?
Deane Richardson looks like Wallace Reed (that is, Deane says so)?
James Hanifen looks like Francis Bushman?
Laura Bullivant looks like Beverly Bayne?
Well, so do we!

Caller: "Is your daughter in?"
The Father: "No, she is out."
Caller: "Is her sister in?"
The Father: "No, she is out, also."
Caller: "Well, I guess I'll sit by the fire and wait for them both."
The Father: "Sorry, but the fire is out, too."

Mrs. Sharp: "Do you think that Francis has a good influence upon Caris?"
Mr. Sharp: "Why, yes, I notice that he is teaching her to conserve electricity."

Lelia M.: "Say, do they conscript horses in the United States?"
Harold Mc.: "No, of course not."
Lelia: "Well, I read something about draft horses in the 'Literary Digest.'"

Mr. Collins: "With what sense do you remember a date?"
Merrill D.: "Sense of fear—I forgot one once."

"FAMILIAR SAYINGS"

Katherine Peterson: "Don't weaken Cla——"
Elsie McLean: "Put no trust in man."
Clyde Coakley: "Third aisle over, please."
Maurice Jackson: "Where do we go from here?"
Josephine Vincent: "Is that right?"
Harold Hanley: "Best we go in."
Merril Davis: "Give us some more jazz."
William Briscoe: "Hasn't anyone any suggestion to make?"
Harry McDonald: "I still maintain," etc., etc.
Frank Paturka: "Well, first you go to work and ——"
Virginia Ellis: "Oh, I had the most wonderful time last night."
Catherine Sohns: "For the love o' Pete."
Dorris Layman: "But he's the most wonderful dancer."
Miss Fargo: "I guess some one has borrowed that book again and forgotten to return it."

THE PERFECT MAN

Percy Lowe's eyes,
Dick Cheatham's smile,
Johnnie Morrow's pink cheeks,
Ray Budwin's hair,
Ed Perry's dancing ability,
"Cop" Daniels' line of talk,
Maurice Jackson's pep,
Charlie Hopper's disposition,
Deane Richardson's originality,
and Russel Dickson's car.

Miss Ware: "Whose paper is this?"
James H.: "Mine. Can't you see my name written across the page?"
Miss Ware: "Yes; that's what aroused my curiosity."

Mary had a little cent,
And Johnny, too, alas!
But Mary won the little cent,
And both were canned from class.

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THOSE dear to you, in happiness or sorrow, are made more cheerful when a little "versed card of affection, gratitude or consolation" is received by them at an unexpected hour.

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Reviews for Teachers' Examination in August

ARBITRATION IN LOVE

(Continued from page 23)

ural again. And, by the way, I believe she was quite right, for she was very dainty, and more, too, according to Mr. Lord.

"Whatcha been crying about? Oh, I bet it wuz Mr. Lord!"

"Why, Danny, why should I cry about him?"

"Well you and he is mad, an'——"

"Who said we were? Has he been talking?" The Pie Lady blushed.

"No! He didn't say nuthin'—but what are you so fussed for then? Why are you mad, Miss Neville?"

Miss Neville fixed Danny's tie and buttoned his coat. Danny swung his heels and waited.

"If I were to ask you a question, would you answer it to the best of your ability, and, like a gentleman, not divulge the secret to anybody?" Confession was good for the soul, and Dan was to be the "goat."

"Of course," he replied. "What does 'bivulge' mean?"

Miss Neville plunged into her exposition without answering the rather important inquiry. "Suppose you were a lady like me, Danny," said the dainty Pie Lady, as she sat on the counter beside the youthful news vender, "and you had a fellow——"

"Like the necktie man?" No censorship for Danny.

"Yes, like Mr. Lord—used to be. And suppose after the man had told you he loved you, like—like—every—thing, and that he would marry you as soon as he could afford it, and you——"

"Oh! Gosh!" Danny interrupted. "Did he do that?"

"Danny boy!" she said severely. "We're just supposing! Remember that! Well, suppose, after he said all that that one day when you were in a restaurant, paying the cashier man for your lunch, you saw that man sitting at a table a short distance off with a pretty lady. And suppose when he saw you, he grinned crookedly, as if he were saying: 'You're not in it any more. I like this lady the best!' Well, supposing that, what would you think of that man?"

"By Golly!" exclaimed the valiant Danny, "I'd just turn up my nose and sail out the door, frowning!"

"You would, honey?"

"And if he tried to love me I wouldn't let him!"

The Pie Lady seemed to like this. It's my frank belief that she agreed with Danny. The clock struck.

"Gosh!" said Danny. "I've got to be going!"

So he went, and after the door slammed the Pie Lady sat down and—well, to make it brief, the powder she had used was wasted.

III.

Mr. Lord greeted his friend.

"Paper! All about the big wreck! Forty lives——"

"For heaven's sake, Danny, don't yell so! Here's your penny!"

Dan picked up the coin and started for the door.

"Hey! Where you going? Can't you spare a little time to-night?" Mr. Lord was lonesome.

"We-ell?" said Danny uncertainly. "I can' talk to-night—long. I didn't sell all my papers yesterday and I—my mother, she punished me," he added sadly.

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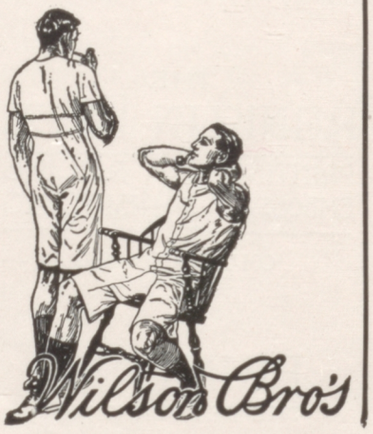
Made in sleeveless and half-sleeves, knee and three-quarter lengths. Let us show you our assortment of fabrics.



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Keep up front in the race and
Win!

WALK ONE FLIGHT and
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UP STAIRS PRICE

SPRAGUE AT WALL STREET

"But you and I talks business, don't we, Mr. Lord?"

"Of course," sympathized the clerk. "And I didn't keep you from selling at all last night. It must have been an off-night."

"Well," said Danny, "you didn't talk, but the Pie Lady did—a long time!"

"Did she, Danny?" Mr. Lord's voice was sad. "What about, Danny?"

"Oh, she was just s'posin', and then she said lots of things. An' she asked me if I's a girl an' that happened, what would I do?"

"Well, what did she suppose?"

"Oh, she said 'Now don't bivulge this secret, s'pose you's'——"

"Don't tell me, Danny, if it's a secret! Let's suppose for awhile—and you answer a question I ask, will you?"

"All right! Is this a new game? Don't do it too long."

Being assured, Danny swung his feet.

"Well, suppose your girl, when you went to see her, would just turn her back at you. What would you do?"

"Do? Golly! I'd say 'All right, smarty, give me back my ring I gave you!' Then I'd say 'Aw, you got freckles!' "

"Well, I suppose a fellow would do that, but here's the question: Should he? That's the question, Danny."

Danny's face was rueful. "Well, perhaps a fellow ought to ask what was the mateer. But—I wouldn't, though!"

Danny looked up into a face creased with think-

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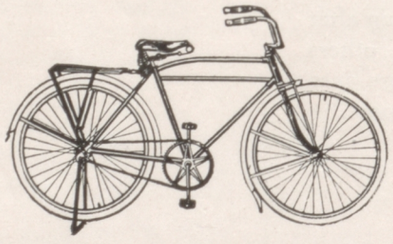

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The materials are all wool, in the best patterns we could procure; carefully designed and HAND tailored throughout with the same skill that characterizes all

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In this exhibition of HIGH GRADE SUITS you get a new idea of what good clothes you can get for a really very modest price.

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25.00 is a sound, sensible price to pay for your clothes, this season. Under it you're likely not to get the things you should have for satisfaction; above it you're apt to be paying for a great DEAL YOU DON'T need. In this 25.00 group you get all the requisites of good clothes; fine materials, expert hand tailoring, vigorous, up-to-the-minute style.

ing. "The Pie Lady was s'posing about being mad, too."

"What was she s'posing, Dan?" Mr. Lord was human.

"She said, 'S'pose a lady's fellow ate in a restaurant with another lady—what wuz purty—and then when his girl looks at him, he smiles at her like he was sayin' that he had another girl'——"

"Was that it? Well, that's all right, then," said Mr. Lord, with a reversed sigh. Danny looked a question.

"Say, Danny, here's a nickel! You tell Miss Neville that when a fellow eats lunch with his sister, he doesn't expect his girl to get mad!"

"I'll do it!" said Danny, slamming the door.

IV.

"Hello, Danny, what's the matter?" asked the Pie Lady.

"Mr. Lord says that when he eats with his sister, he don't expect his girl to get peeved."

The dainty nose pointed scornfully skyward. "Huh! You tell him when a girl sees her sweetheart with his sister — Can you say it that way? — Danny boy? Say it, Danny!"

"Sister?" mimicked Danny, with a world of scorn.

"That's right. Say it that way! When a girl sees her sweetheart with his sister, she doesn't expect him to grin like a guilty dog stealing eggs!"

"Very well!" cried Danny. "I gotcha!"

V.

"Mr. Lord!" cried Danny. Mr. Lord was there.

"Well?"

"She was awful careful that I said it right: 'When

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a girl sees her fellow with his sister, she don't expect him to look guilty like a dog.'"

Mr. Lord jumped with joy. "Here's a quarter, Danny! Tell her certain seasons produce cold sores and cold sores produce poor smiles! Hurry!"

Danny went quickly. Mr. Lord waited, and the clock ticked. What ailed the kid! How slow he—— Danny entered breathless.

"She thought a long time and then——"

"Yes!" said Mr. Lord.

"——she says: 'They claim certain associations produce cold sores. Want to experiment?'"

Mr. Lord slammed the door and Danny started after him. "Guess I'll have to keep shop!" he said.

Do you know Mina Udleton, Chucile Lapman, Tathale Nams, Vinafin Josent, Maddis Gliller, Wooderate Margland, Jackice Maurson, Quabble Mais, Yedia Lung, Cleta Mems, Yarold Hung, Billiam R-r-riscoe, Deane Richerdson, Patherine Keterson, Whoa Zipple, Dickle Russon, Storice Hauffer, Mazel Harry, and Bertrude Gyler?

OUR CLASSMATES

By Deane Richardson.

Classmates? Yes, you're still our classmates.
Though you're fighting "over there."
"God protect and save our classmates!"
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Classmates? Yes, you're still our classmates,
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SPOKANE

AN ACE

(Continued from page 24)

began his descent. Again he thought of the deadly explosive in the blade tips. This time he would "get his man!" Vividly before him he saw the other four machines that had fallen by his hand. This would make his fifth. At last he was to accomplish what he had set out to do—to be called an "Ace."

With the speed of light, he had been rushing down upon his victim, until now unaware of peril. Once again Carvel's mind returned to the two pellets which rested securely in each end of the swiftly moving propeller blades. In a corkscrew spiral he neared his "prey," which appeared to stand still. Looking over the side, he saw the ground rushing up to meet them. He then glanced toward the occupant of the other machine. A white face was upturned to his. The sight sickened him. He veered his machine slightly and closed his eyes. An explosion followed. As Carvel was flung free of his plane, se seemed to feel himself floating through space. That was all.

* * * * * *

Anxious looking faces were peering down at him. He smiled faintly and tried to speak, but no words came. In the muttered conversations around him, he distinguished this remark:

"What about the German plane?" He could not hear the reply, but in his own mind he knew. They were speaking again.

"You say the doctor has been here and he says——"

No, there was no need to hear what the doctor

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had said. He knew, and another faint smile flitted across his scratched and bleeding face. For the third time Carvel heard the voices above him quite distinctly. It was easy to listen now. He seemed to have no pain. He must have been removed from the field, for beneath him, where he had felt the rocks and twigs trying to bury themselves in his back, he now seemed to have no sensation.

Now a familiar voice was speaking. It was the Lieutenant. With a supreme effort Carvel roused himself and held out a mangled hand which the Lieutenant grasped warmly.

"How are you feeling, old top?" was his eager question.

Carvel's lips formed to answer "bully," but no reply was heard. His friend still held his hand. Carvel heard some one saying:

"The other machine is a cinder, sir. She only spoke a few words asking for the 'pilot of the wingless machine.' That was all."

A shudder passed through Carvel. He was thinking clearly now. He had done his duty. The terror of months past had been brought to bay through his efforts. Now he, Carvel, was dying. His lips moved silently in a prayer for his victim, the golden-haired pilot.

His eyelids fluttered, then opened. He raised himself on one arm. His lips opened and between clenched teeth he murmured, "An Ace by killing a woman," then gasped, and fell back—dead.

Conductor: "Your fare, Miss."
She: "Do you really think so?"

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SEVEN STORES

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THE SPY CATCHERS

(Continued from page 26)

as Robert and Marcel were playing in the back yard, an officer rode up.

"You are Marcel Peret?" he inquired of Robert.

"No, sir, but he is," indicating Marcel.

"And you are his American cousin, I gather?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me congratulate you upon your ability to catch spies. I only wish we had you in the secret service. But next time be sure you catch a *German* one! And learn to translate code better." With that he rode away.

The boys stood watching him in open-mouthed amazement. Seeing a crowd congregating about the village square, they followed after the horseman, as little boys will.

As they arrived, the officer dismounted.

"Philippe Ronvert," he said, singling out the postmaster from the throng, "for your bravery in entering the German lines, and for the valuable information you have from time to time procured for the Republic of France, you have been selected as one meriting this."

"This" was a Cross of the Legion of Honor. The officer kissed M. Ronvert on both cheeks after he had pinned the emblem on his breast.

"I should like to thank Robert Manton and Marcel Peret for their services in letting us know the where-

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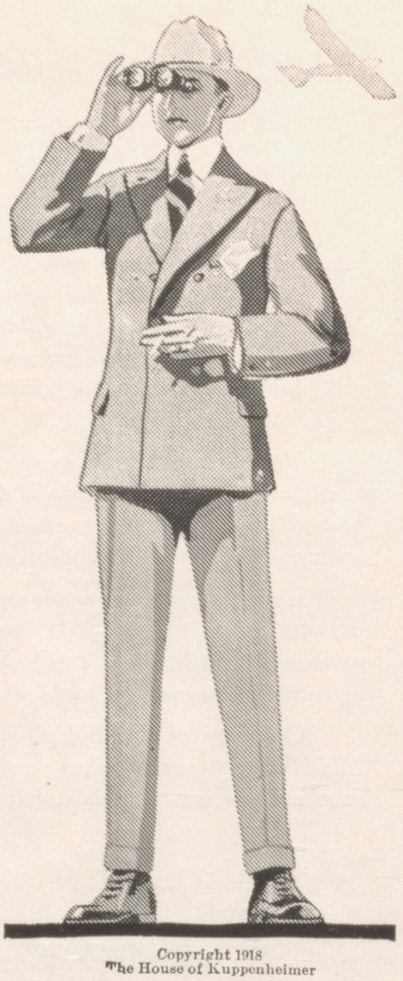

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abouts of M. Ronvert. He was too modest to do so himself."

* * * * * *

The Manton Detective Agency went bankrupt and is doing no more business—as a detective agency. It is now a munitions plant.

WANTED

A Maxim silencer for my Ford.—J. O. E.

A shock absorber. I may get a credit tomorrow.—H. Hanley.

To sell my patented set of toilet articles especially designed for locker use.—Ruth Crocket.

To trade my revised book on "Practical Convocation Speeches for Various Occasions" for a course in "fussing." (Censored.)—M. Davis.

To contract for a car load of assorted noiseless(?) neckties.—A. S.

To sell or swap a complete nine-volume set of Collins' "College-bred Jokes."

To trade my answer book for a cribbed Spanish reader.—Theodora B.

OUR SOLDIER BOY

By Harold Eby.

God guard you, soldier-boy,
In fighting for your land;
Protect you in the battle
And arm your righteous hand!

God grant you victory,
Our soldier-boy at war;
Make few the solitary graves,
'Midst death and cannon's roar!

A Thrift Stamp Message
for
Young Men and Women

NEVER has there been a more opportune time for young men and women to learn habits of economy and thrift than there is today. Never has the privilege to invest their savings in a worthier cause come to any other generation of young people.

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In Uncle Sam's hands your money is safe; he pays you for its use and you are having some part in the winning of this war.

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TWO DAYS

(Continued from page 25)

blue of the rolling hills between made a setting not soon forgotten.

We ate with Condon that noon. When we had finished we sat around the table, talking for awhile. A blinding flash of light swept across the room and Condon jumped for the lookout platform. "Headquarters calling," he said. "Come on." He had arranged mirrors in such a way as to reflect the flashes and attract his attention when a heliograph call came in. Quickly adjusting the instrument, he began to scribble on a pad as he took the message. When he was through, he handed the pad to me with a grin.

Can you imagine my surprise when I read: "Condon: Donald Dean is camping on the peak. Send him home at once. Parent's request. Freel, Supt."

"What the—," I began; but Carl cut me short with, "That message said, 'at once,' and I guess that means us." A half-hour later we had thrown our packs and were on our return journey.

The trip was uneventful. We only stopped once, that being at Storey's farm to leave the packhorse in its corral. We traveled much faster then, and at 11 o'clock we rode into the livery barn at Crazy Rapids.

Finding that there was room for but one of the horses at the barn, I volunteered to take my mount to a corral about a quarter of a mile away.

The street was very dark and I had not gone far before a black object suddenly loomed up ahead of

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our store has been catering to the best tastes of Spokane. It is no wonder that our Quality Candies and Ice Creams are so well known, and the crowds seen in our parlors of an evening testify to the popularity of our Soda Fountain.

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The Print Shop of Cleveland Sherman
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WRITERS OF ADVERTISING

FINE PRINTING

903 Riverside Main 1310

me and a voice said: "Potlatch Kiutan kopa nika." (Give that horse to me.)

By the voice I knew it was an Indian, and what was more—a drunken Indian—a very awkward thing to handle.

"Chahko, coolie" (Come, hurry), he insisted.

Summoning up a bit of my fast-waning courage, I cried in Chinook, "Out of my way, Siwash!" spurring my horse forward at the same time. He grabbed the bridle as quick as a flash, and jerked the animal back, nearly unseating me. (I had removed the saddle at the livery barn and was riding "bareback.")

Growing desperate, I again spurred forward. This time I nearly threw the Indian, but he hung on to the bridle doggedly. He suddenly put his hand in his pocket and pulled out something that glittered in the sickly light from the street lamp. I was terribly frightened and yelled, "Help!" in a voice that undoubtedly woke everyone in New York City.

I heard a quick step on the sidewalk and a sound that was unmistakably that of a fist coming in contact with a face.

It was all over then, both the fracas and the whiskey, for it was a *bottle* that the Siwash had "pulled on me."

My brother coming home late from a social "hop" had heard my lusty shriek and hurrying to the spot had handed the Indian a "right to the jaw" that would have made an ox seasick.

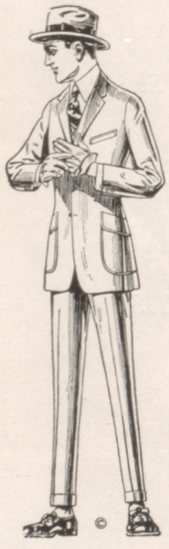
I then very bravely fainted away and woke up a little later. My brother had taken the horse to the corral and somehow got me to the livery barn, where

The Palace
CORNER MAIN AVE. AND POST ST.

extends hearty congratulations
to

North Central Graduating Class

May you always prosper.
Trade, and save at the Big
Cash Store - - - - - -



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he nearly drowned me in the horse trough as a restorative.

I suddenly thought of the message and asked him what had happened. He laughed and said that owing to father's bookkeeper being ill, he wished me to help out for a few days. H-m-m-m!

I went to bed and then to work the next morning. All in all, those two days had been eventful ones.

SLOW FOLK

By De Etta J. Hudson.

Kaiser Bill came knocking loudly
At the pearly gates of heaven;
Showed his decorations proudly,
Asking entrance to be given.

Peter looked him over coldly,
Asked him how his war was coming.
William said (and pushed in boldly),
"Peter, boy, I've kept 'em humming!"

"Won't the angels all adore me?
Let their banners be unfurled;
Let the brightest march before me—
Me, the emperor of the world!"

There was silence in the city
When he'd finished speaking thus:
So he said, "O, what a pity,
How I thought they'd rave and fuss.

"This I find not to my liking,
Strange my virtues they don't know;
Guess for Hell I'll now be hiking—
Gee! those Heavenly folk are slow!"

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to help lick The KAISER

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BUT

if the man you married and to whom you were all that loving, faithful wife could be, and he in turn subjected you to every humiliation, every insult his mind could conceive, and then when the courts had given you back your name, your freedom and the right to look the whole world in the face

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TRIED
TO STEAL
YOUR
BABY

would the veneer of civilization stand the strain?

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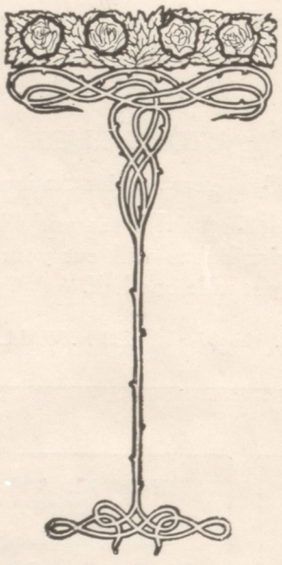
ANNUALS



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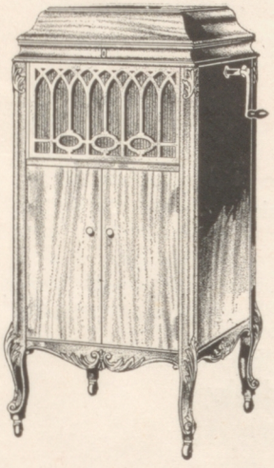

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The Northwestern adheres to its original purpose to give young men and women that thorough preliminary training that will enable them, unassisted, to win their way to the highest commercial achievement.

VI.

The reputation of an institution of learning must rest, not upon the brevity of its course of study, but upon its thoroughness.

VII.

That which gives a school the stamp of character is the unvarying high standard of its requirements.

VIII.

The Northwestern is an Accredited Commercial school. Its course of study, leading to diploma and degree, is open to the inspection of all.

IX.

Graduates of our institution take with them an assurance of efficiency, recognized and acknowledged by the best commercial schools of the United States. The influence and services of all these schools are at the command of our graduates to give them prestige and advancement in business life.

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